Pacific School of Religion Berkeley, Calif.

The Universalist Leader

Boston and Chicago

January 5, 1924

"IF WINTER COMES"

If winter comes, and winds blow wild and chill,
If queenly roses perish with the cold,
Be well assured that from the ashen mould
Shall bourgeon lovely gardens that shall fill
The earth with beauty. For the wood and hill,
By north wind shorn, bright robes of living green
Shall soon be wrought, unheard, unseen,
By Him who turns destruction to His will.
If winter comes—alas, and it shall come!—
Men's hearts will ache, by lonely brooding pent;
In that bleak hour shall every choir be dumb
That fills our hearts to-day with sweet content:
Yet Life still reigns, and soon the year will bring
Maytime and joy, with all things blossoming.

Thomas Curtis Clark.

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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ADVERTISING—*The Leader* will always be glad to receive advertising that will inform its readers where they can obtain reliable goods from reputable houses. It will invite advertising from those who may be able to supply real needs of its readers, but from no others. We feel sure our constituents will support this policy, which is adopted in their interest, even though it may conflict with our own.
—*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

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Universalist Publishing House

HAROLD MARSHALL, MANAGER
176 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON
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The whole Ruhr question . . . is a necessary consequence of the defective provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. I regret very deeply that this whole affair so entirely has overshadowed the real state of things, and has brought people to forget what France has suffered in the past. While all condemn the occupation of the Ruhr, and all Germany suffers and is cruelly treated, most people, even many of the Germans themselves, seem to have forgotten what has happened. They have forgotten their attack on Belgium at the beginning of the war. They have forgotten the devastation of great territories in France, and they have forgotten how French and Belgian factories have been purposely destroyed. We should try to be fair to both parties in the great struggle in which the greater part of Europe became involved in 1914. (*Fridtjof Nansen.*)

Is it not patent that the big injustices to women can not be touched by statute? This illustrates the point: A woman lawyer was attending a conference agitating itself over what it could do, or, rather, force others to do for professional women. She sat patiently and long as one will-o'-the-wisp after another was pursued. Finally she rose and very modestly said, "I can tell you women the best way to help your professional sisters." Immediately a flutter of expectancy. Each woman sat on the edge of her chair ready to applaud aid by substitute. "I can tell you in two words." The young lawyer paused, and then—"Employ them." If she had gassed her hearers, their instant collapse could not have been more wide-spread. (*Harriet Stanton Blatch.*)

There is no more magnificent spectacle than a nation united in the face of war. The suppression of all inharmonious notes! Unity of thought and act! . . . But there is one spectacle that would be more magnificent, more glorious still, were it ever presented—a nation equally earnest, equally united, equally determined upon conquering the problems of peace. (*Christian Science Monitor.*)

In the midst of these flag-waving appeals to the dear ideals of liberty and property, it is well to remember that neither our Constitution nor any other gives any general guarantee against interference with a man's liberty or property. The most that is promised and the most that can be desired is that one shall not be deprived of liberty or property without due process of law. . . . Whether or not this is done in the case of the eighteenth amendment and the statutes based upon it is a matter to be determined by specific investigation of the facts and not to be settled by dervish-like howlings about the Demon Rum on the one hand or by incantations in the name of Liberty and Property on the other. (*Christian Century.*)

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Its opportunities for service are far greater than its resources.

It needs additional funds for missionary publications.

It needs endowed subscriptions for college and public libraries.

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THE Universalist Leader

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above princip es be professed

Editorial

GOOD ADVERTISING FOR THE TRUTH

THERE is nothing new to Universalists in the utterances of Dr. Potter and Dr. Straton in the debate recently held in New York.

What is new is the advertising the modern views are getting.

To have the Associated Press carry several thousand words and to have all the New York and Brooklyn papers give fairly complete reports, is the significant thing.

It indicates that readers are interested. All that liberals want is to have interested readers. Dr. Straton has been condemned in private for ever entering into this arrangement with a Unitarian, particularly since the judges gave the decision on the first debate to the liberal.

That instinct of his colleagues which condemns him is a sound one. What the fundamentalists can not afford is to have their views set forth in full. What liberals pray for is to have their views uttered, printed, circulated, read, made known in every way possible.

To thousands it is coming as a totally new idea that a man can believe absolutely in God, in Christ as the Supreme Savior of the world, in the everlasting distinction between good and evil, and call upon God "at morning, at evening and at noon day," and yet not believe the Bible to be infallible.

It is a new idea that those who dishonor God are those who think He did or said or ordered all the things that men imagined far back in the childhood of the race.

That God hardened Pharaoh's heart so that he would not let the children of Israel go and then punished him for not letting them go, that God ordered them not to let a witch live, that God commanded the children of Israel to stone disobedient children without trial, that God ever ordered people to borrow and not pay back—are conceptions which degrade of course the idea of God, and yet these things are found in the Bible.

It is a new idea to many people that the modernists accept these stories as history, as true pictures of the times and of the age which produced them, but not as adequate descriptions of God or of duty.

We are happy that the radio, the telegraph, the mails, are carrying the glad news to all parts of the world, that we don't have to believe in that kind of God to be religious, to believe in the infallibility of the Bible to believe in the Bible and love it and obey its great teachings, to believe every legend about Christ to accept him as our Supreme Example, Comforter, Companion and Savior.

* *

THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATIONS

THE Providence Convention unanimously adopted a recommendation to the effect "that the Publication Committee of the Universalist Publishing House issue a series of attractive and concise statements of our purpose and our faith, and that a special effort be made to bring such literature to the attention of ministers in other Churches, who desire our history, traditions and faith."

There is no more active committee connected with denominational affairs than this same Publications Committee of the Publishing House. Always once and frequently two or three times a month they get together at Headquarters.

Every man is a worker, and they are picked men. They have to deal with three important questions: 1. The production of books and pamphlets. 2. Their circulation or distribution. 3. The financing of the more important and expensive projects.

These men work without salary amid the pressure of other duties, and for the most part true to the fine old tradition of editorial anonymity, appearing in the light of publicity just enough to enable them to perform their duties.

Among the important matters laid before them recently have been the bringing of Richard Eddy's History of Universalism up to date, and the preparation of worthy and adequate biographies of men like John Coleman Adams and Frederick A. Bisbee, as well as a steady output of new, live, interesting Universalist tracts and pamphlets.

What the committee has in hand is so important that they have but to go to the more intelligent men and women of our constituency and they get the money they need. Dr. Hall, the chairman, lately has been greatly cheered and strengthened by help in one of these important matters concerning which announcement can not yet be made. Other helpers unquestionably stand ready.

And men of ability have always been found to give themselves freely to the literary side of the work.

Wherein the Committee is most bothered is to know how to get the co-operation of the rank and file of the churches of our faith.

What they are asking of the churches is not money but something far more difficult to enlist in any good cause—personal service.

The two strongest men of a church standing at the door as people go out asking them to take and read any document make an impression far different than can be made by any announcement from the pulpit.

The putting of brains and time into the project of getting a majority of the people of a community to read a document like Bisbee's "Why I Am a Universalist" is a matter of fundamental importance both to a local church and to our cause at large.

Team work is going to deal with these things. The *Leader* is going to deal with them. All together we must back up this Committee on Publications in executing the mandate of the Providence Convention.

* *

THE NEW CHURCH IN THE WEST

THE Pasadena people have done well. In the center of the city they have put up a beautiful Gothic church, with an admirably equipped parish house. The services of dedication were inspiring and representatives of various denominations took part.

But it has not been done without toil and sacrifice. Mr. Henry, the pastor, has given himself to it without stint for years. Members of the building committee have cut short trips abroad or given them up altogether.

From the sale of the old church they realized $36,000, from pledges before building $76,000, from pledges on the day of dedication, $17,000, leaving only $25,000 of a total of $152,000 unpaid.

Somebody has done more than his or her share.

Somebody has worked harder than he or she thought possible.

Somebody has radiated faith and courage from beginning to end.

That Universalism has this great achievement to its credit on the Pacific Coast is a matter of pride to us all.

There is no call for help from the rest of the country. These west coast people are self reliant. But it would be a gracious and beautiful thing for anybody "to lend a hand."

* *

FALSE GODS STILL?

IT is with something of a shock that now and then we find that we still worship false gods. For example, the live and progressive group of teachers from all over the Boston area who listened to Professor Cadbury recently at Universalist Headquarters on "The Public Ministry of Jesus" heard some question of the supreme good of "pep," "objective," "plan," "purpose," "motive," "putting it over in the next six months," and other favorite slogans of the *Leader*, the Y. M. C. A., financial campaign managers, etc.

There were held up pictures of Jesus sitting quietly and conversing with those who gathered around him, looking off over the fields, noticing a sower and casually speaking of it, observing a leper coming along the road and talking about him, of living and moving in an atmosphere totally different from this hustling, bustling, hurrying, western world.

It was plainly intimated that we project back into those days things that do not belong there, and build a wall against things of value which do not fit in with our modern notions.

There were suggestions for some of us who so methodically divide up our time so as to be always doing something and may be in the long run do nothing, that there are things of value besides "pep," that Eastern meditation may have values, that there are elements which ought to be in a Christ Crusade difficult to link up with "Crusade"—and that some people are doing things of worth who are unconscious of mission or purpose. Their faces shine and they know not that they shine.

We are such one-sided creatures that seeing these things some of us will decide that all that we have been doing is worthless, and that we had better buy a robe and sit by the wayside as soon as it gets warmer. But that is not the meaning of lectures like that of Professor Cadbury. With our materials and opportunities it is up to us to build our lives as Jesus built his. Into our Western civilization we ought to take the things of truth and beauty of every age and race. And what is true is worth finding out. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

* *

HAVING A PRESIDENT

HAVING a President is something of a responsibility for a church." It brings the crowd. It is high grade publicity. It gives prestige. Thus it brings to a church new duties and new strength to perform them.

When Roosevelt became Vice President, he attended the German Reformed Church, there being no Dutch Reformed. It was situated up an alley next a stable, and the wealthy and fashionable shunned it. When Roosevelt strode up that alley, dragging a child by each hand, both Washington and the country began to take notice. Crowds followed, and soon the denomination built a beautiful church out on the street. When Roosevelt left the crowds melted, but the church was much stronger than when he came.

The Unitarian church in Washington has had at least four Presidents—John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Millard Fillmore and Wm. H. Taft. It is just finishing a beautiful memorial structure started during the administration of Mr. Taft, and is stronger than ever before in its history.

People crowded Calvary Baptist Church in Harding's day, and they fill the old First Congregational Church now to see Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge.

Do the ministers preach different sermons, do denominational leaders issue different proclamations, do editors write different editorials, because "they have the President?"

Perhaps, sometimes, but we doubt it. The visiting brother is much more apt to "let himself out" for the President. We do not know of a President we have had who would not shrink from being preached at or prayed to or treated other than as a man kneeling before God.

The *Congregationalist* does not soften its utterances because it has a President who is "Honorary Moderator" of the Council of Congregational Churches of the United States and who sends checks to the Christmas fund and other funds from the White House, as he has all his life.

Here are a few paragraphs from their editorial on the message:

> President Coolidge's message to Congress, while it satisfies the expectations of his political friends and disappoints the hopes of his political enemies that he would give out something equivocal and vacillating, leaves the great company of those who are neither friends nor foes, but whose interest is in sound, idealistic policies and great leadership, still somewhat in doubt. What one thinks of the message depends entirely upon the standpoint from which it is viewed.
>
> From the standpoint of comparison with the international outlook and lack-of-policy of certain unprogressive "progressives," President Coolidge's message represents a forward look, and we should say a very practical policy concerning the next step, clearly stated, and such as we believe the President means and with proper support will put into effect. From the standpoint of what many outstanding leaders in the Christian Church declare ought to be the immediate and definite policy of our government at Washington, the President's message leaves much to be desired, for it must be recognized that the call of much of this outstanding Christian leadership is for America's participation in the League of Nations as well as in the World Court.
>
> In view of this strong demand, and the character and standing of the men who are making it, the President seems to us to have weakened his position by his declaration that the League incident is closed. It may be that he is speaking in a formal and legal way of the failure of ratification. It may be that the President has been swept into this strong statement by the *desire* that the incident should be closed. But it is one thing to take President Coolidge's attitude toward the League—an attitude that may or may not be justified as a practical political attitude—and another thing to say that the League incident is closed. Strong protest against this part of the President's message is already manifesting itself from two quarters—from those who still regard the League of Nations as the world's vital hope of establishing an adequate barrier against war, and from those avowed Republicans who, sharing this belief, were prepared to vote as *mugwumps* in the last election, but who voted with their party upon the strong assurance of thirty-one prominent Republican leaders, among them Secretary Hoover, that "a vote for Mr. Harding" was the most effectual way of bringing America into the League. The claim is being made that Mr. Coolidge himself encouraged this attitude.

* *

FATHER DELATTRE

THERE are many ways of serving the Church. Father Delattre, a French priest, has just completed fifty years of constant work in Tunis, excavating buried cities, and rewriting the history of Punic, Roman, Christian and Arabian Carthage. Bit by bit he has pieced together and deciphered 14,000 inscriptions. He has uncovered the magnificent basilica of St. Cyprian. He has retold the story of the Christian martyrs of this part of the world.

The world as a whole is just beginning to realize the extent and importance of the work. An increasing number of tourists are turning their steps to Tunisia. The French Line this winter will run religious pilgrimages. A great French dramatic company will put on historical plays in the theaters which have been recovered and restored. A School of Archeology has been organized with French, British and American pupils.

The French Government itself is now officially taking the lead in this work.

And these searchers into the past have high hopes of reaching a lost library with all the fascinating possibilities involved in such a find.

Father Delattre has been a pioneer and a leader in this work.

But, meanwhile, he has not been a parish priest. He has not been a general secretary. He has not taught in a school of theology. He has not managed church politics. He has not run a church paper. But he has done a great and useful work for God, for Christ, for the Church and for humanity.

"And God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues."

* *

OUR WORK IS NOT DONE

ONE of the frequent statements which we hear is: "The work of the Universalist Church is done. Everybody believes in Universalism nowadays."

If any of our readers have that opinion, now is the time for them to cast it out of their minds. The work of the Universalist Church is not done. The statement that everybody agrees with us is not true.

"Religious Foundations," edited by Rufus M. Jones, LL. D., of Haverford College, is a much heralded book, recently published by the Macmillan Company. On page 24, at the top of the page, we read: "It does not follow, because God is Father, that all men are by nature sons. Sonship is not a birth relationship. It is an attitude of heart, a spirit, a way of life. Nobody is a son until he wants to be one, until he discovers his opportunity, wakes up to his possibilities and chooses to enter his heritage. God is Father; we become sons."

No, no! That is not Universalism! It is nowhere near it! We believe in the Universal Fatherhood of God. There may be a few ministers here and there who are making a sound something akin to Universalism but they are not many.

So long as there are leaders in the field of religion who make statements such as we have quoted there will be work for the Universalist Church to do. We ought to get this firmly settled in our minds. Our work is not done. It has just commenced.

H. H. N.

Cruising Around These United States

VIII Another Christmas at the Old Home

John van Schaick, Jr.

A NIGHT on the Boston and Albany sleeper, dim consciousness of climbing as we went up the heavy grades of the Berkshires, a stop in the darkness, and the noise of a train thundering by at full speed a few hundred yards off, and we knew that the journey was about over, that we were on the slopes of the Hudson Valley where the Boston and Albany comes down to join the New York Central, with Albany only four or five miles away.

As the wheels struck the Hudson River bridge, I roused up, for I knew that we had only an hour or so to dress and breakfast and catch the 7.15 a. m.

The Albany station on a dark morning, of the shortest day of the year, many people even at that early hour, "extra sleepers running all night with Christmas crowds," every table full in the restaurant, fifty people sitting up at the lunch counter, waitresses going full speed to serve them all—piles of red apples, mounds of oranges, grape fruit cut in two nestling on ice, cookies heaped on plates, crullers or doughnuts in glass jars, fragrant coffee bubbling in the urn and hot toast jumping up surprisingly in the new toast machine, while from unseen regions eggs and oatmeal and sausages and what not appeared as by magic!

Holly hung around everywhere, and the people showed in their very looks that they were going home for Christmas.

There were no Pullmans on the 7.15 a. m. local. There was no diner. "All I can give you," said the jolly conductor to the lady who had not breakfasted, "is a cheerful look." This Twentieth Century Limited business is all right, and progressive and handy at times, but it is not in it at Christmas time with the local train on the old Albany and Susquehanna division of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company railroad. We were going to Voorheesville, Esperance, Schoharie Court House, Middleburg, Sharon Springs, Cobleskill, Schevenus, Oneonta and Unadilla to see the old home folks.

The fields were as bare as the fields of Maryland or Massachusetts, but beautiful withal. It was a morning of grays and browns, relieved by the bright green of the winter wheat, the dark green of pines and hemlocks, the red of the winter berries and sumach, and the white of patches of ice in deep gorges. There was the dark brown earth and the gray brown stubble, the tawny brown grass and the russet brown leaves, and over everything a delicate gray mist. The sun stayed hidden. The trees were ready for winter. There were no birds. Only hens and ducks were active, two hounds were out on an early hunt, and a few sheep were nibbling on a hillside. Bees and bulbs and woodchucks and bushes, like the trees, were fast asleep.

The County Judge and Surrogate joined us at Schoharie Junction, a university trained man and so able and impartial throughout two terms that, in a county where party feeling runs high, he was re-elected for the third time last fall by the vote of everybody. We talked local history. We talked family. We talked travel. Then the Judge said: "I'm making one speech everywhere I get a chance. I am telling the Masons, the D. A. R., the churches, everybody, that we are getting Austrians, Germans, Danes, Italians and other foreigners on our farms. They live about as our great grandfathers did a hundred years ago. We ought not to say so much about patriotism unless we are willing to show some human sympathy with these foreigners. If they don't understand our compulsory education law, one or two of our good citizens ought to go and explain it to them and tell them it isn't against them but for all of us. Our churches ought to go after them tactfully, for they have been church ridden to death, but churches ought to give the real human sympathy and help they need. And above all we ought to get hold of their children."

"That," remarked my wife, as the Judge went away, "is one of the most intelligent men I have met up in this region."

A Christmas fire was burning on the hearth of the old home, though it was warm and dark and rainy. Christmas green hung in the windows, a Christmas tree stood in the parlor, the same old Mary served in the kitchen, though now she had to have a daughter help, the big old rocker stood in the window and the little black rocker by the fire, but both were strangely empty. But the blessed younger generation, Peggy and Joe, and John and Katrina, took our attention, and high school and college boys were dashing in and out full of business and fun.

A letter fell out of a pigeonhole as I was starting away from Boston and I was startled to read what I had written only last Christmas:

"After dinner at Jessie's Julie played, the children marched and danced and, in the midst of it all, father waltzed up to mother, bowed and asked for the next dance, and she laughed happily and tapped him with her cane."

Reason is convinced that their going off almost together after fifty-two years of married life was a beautiful thing, but love has hard work sometimes to keep up with reason.

I had dedicated these four days to tramping, and started out well.

The first walk, of course, was to the cemetery on the hill, commanding the loveliest of views in almost every direction. I took the Christmas wreaths I had brought from the market in Washington and laid them there on the turf.

I recalled the words of a clear-headed colleague who had said to me, "I have no use for the people who go to weep over graves," and knew she was right. But I thought also of how mother loved the biography of Mark Twain by Albert Bigelow Paine and quoted the verse Mark wrote for the grave of his wife:

"Warm summer sun, shine kindly here,
Warm southern wind, blow softly here.
Green sod above lie light, lie light,
Good night, dear heart, good night, good night."

Though we don't go to weep above graves with the thought that any one is there, yet we respect the place where all that was mortal was laid to rest.

Whether we visit a quiet country hillside, or imposing Arlington, we think perhaps more soberly, more justly, of life there, we realize the value of the time we have left, and we want to do better ourselves.

Going back from the cemetery along the high fields bordering a valley which led to the north, I soon came opposite the mountain up against which I was going to pit my strength.

Then I started. Down the hill, over the swollen valley stream, leaping where the creek was divided in three channels, up the other side, across the Sharon road, through a farm yard, and then straight up Shanks, or the Settle Mountain.

The friendly farmer stopped to talk to me about my father, the blooded dogs came to give me good day and even the "pedigreed fellow who bites" rubbed his aristocratic head and biting muzzle against my knees.

Soon I was up in the steep woods, among the fallen trees, struggling over old tops, stepping on logs untouched for a generation which gave way and sent me rolling back. The lungs pulled in air to the last least capillary, the strong heart signaled, "Here is a real job," the tired brain magically cleared up. On such a steep wooded hillside one forgets his sins and sorrows and comes to feel that it is all right some how, or will be.

Struggling up where dead beech and birch leaves lay deep, up where they changed to thick layers of oak and maple, at last I came out on a hard dry plateau. Here sentinel pines stood watching all sides and little Christmas trees were scattered around. The shoulder of the mountain stuck out below us into the valley so I could not see the village, but I could look into and across "Mill Creek Valley" and "West Creek Valley," far down the valley of the Cobleskill and across to the ridges and peaks which go on without break sixty or seventy miles southward under the name of Catskills and miles further into New Jersey under the name Shawangunk.

Rain was falling when I got back, and Washington was calling on the long distance. Another mother had gone, another son was in sorrow, and so I agreed to go back for the Monday before Christmas.

The rain which continued all day Sunday turned to sleet and snow as I was leaving at night. Missing the New York express in Albany, there was nothing to do but take the accommodation, reaching New York at 12.50 a. m. Both Pennsylvania sleepers had gone and I made a mad dash across town in a taxi, and caught the 1 a. m. B. & O. Thanks to modern facilities, I was back in New York Christmas eve for dinner with nephews and nieces, and back in Cobleskill Christmas morning.

Christmas stockings, Christmas trees, fire engines, dolls' kitchens, banks, sugar plums, and an inch or two of snow on the ground transforming the landscape!

Christmas dinner with thirteen at two tables, sitting down together! Turkeys, two of them, young Schoharie County birds, cranberries from Cape Cod, oysters from the Chesapeake, scalloped, local potatoes, city spinach, celery cooked as they do in France with meat gravy over it, Christmas pudding from mother's recipe, pork cake ditto, mince and apple pies, Dairy Men's League ice cream, roasted Brazil nuts in a Christmas package from Kansas, and candy from Washington, candy from Brooklyn, candy from Boston, and candy home made. These but hint at the eatables—mounds of which stayed on the sideboard untouched.

Anton Lang, the Christus from Oberammergau, said soon after he reached America, "I had forgotten that food in such quantities existed anywhere." And again, "We would be thankful if we could have for our German children just what you waste."

I was glad that it was not just for us, that baskets and boxes went out for others—and that all Christmas preparations were laid aside when a call came to hurry two sick babies of a farmer near town, one newly born, to the Albany hospital in the attempt to save their lives.

No, we may lack in imagination up in this valley, but not in generosity. We rush to help if we only see. And it is one of the counties which still goes over the top for the Red Cross.

One more glorious tramp in the new snow made the Christmas vacation perfect. With "Jim," my nephew, and Ivan his chum, both thirteen, and Bruce the dog, I went up the higher mountain south of the village.

It was cold—snowing in squalls, the sun shining now and then on fields far away—blue sky here, dark storm clouds there.

We made for the Tar Pent, an old trail worn years ago by the Indians traveling from the Mohawk around Canajoharie to the Hudson, around Catskill. It was so slippery for Jim in smoother moccasins that he had to go up part of the way on hands and knees. Ivan had eaten so much on Christmas that his stomach "felt caved in." But far over on the Tar Pent, in the deep woods, we trampled down the snow, knocked sticks dry and made a fire. There with emergency rations of thick slices of bread and butter, dates, English walnuts and bananas, we doctored Ivan's sick stomach and made him well again. Bruce left his rabbit hunting for the fire, the company and the bits of food we spared.

"Eleven o'clock, boys," I said. "Here we are far off from civilization, and yet this time to-morrow I will have been at my desk in Boston for two or three hours. The Indians couldn't have done that." "No," said Jim, "and wouldn't want to."

Probably Jim is right. And we wouldn't want to live as the Indians did. But the bits we get of Indian life now and then make new men of us.

The white snow on the dark pines, the trail going on over the mountains, the peaks far away to the south, and far away to the north, the grouse going up in front of us with a startling whirr, the tracks of mice and squirrels on the snow, all of the big out of doors, all of the little out of doors—interested us, thrilled us, rejuvenated us.

Happy is the man who has an "old home" to which he can go back.

Thrice happy is he who has one on the old frontier of the Revolution—with traditions of Indian attacks and border wars.

Blessed indeed is he and rich, whatever his bank

account, who loves to go back, delve and dig in the old traditions, tramp the old trails and learn how the beauty of the Lord our God lies on the things He has made.

To-night the sleeper—a godsend indeed to busy folks! To-morrow, Boston and work! But the pines and the snow, the boys and the dog, the Christmas cheer, will be steadying memories for days to come.

Cobleskill, Dec. 26, 1923.

The New Year in Japan

Samuel Gilbert Ayres

WE are happy to report that our temporary building on our old church site has been finished, and that we are now using it. It has been built with the co-operation of the Japanese Government, and is therefore much larger than we could build for the 2,000 yen which our Council appropriated for the purpose. The Government furnished most of the materials, and we have paid for the labor and furnishings. Quite a few of the missions are doing the same thing. The only condition is that the building be used part of the time for relief work. We are very glad to do this, and under Mr. Kawabata's leadership a most excellent program for this purpose is now being carried out.

The opening service in our church "barrack" was held on Nov. 18 with some fifty in attendance. Everything passed off nicely, many expressing themselves as being well-satisfied with the building as temporary headquarters. We had wondered what we should do for music, as our organ was destroyed by the earthquake, but this problem has been nicely solved by Mrs. Rowe, who has purchased a small organ and loaned it to the church. It does very well, for Mrs. Rowe gets excellent music from it.

Following the service the monthly luncheon took place. The principal feature was an address by Mr. S. Sato, in which he made a plea for subscriptions for the new church. Those present responded generously, pledging 2,100 yen. The pledges are to be paid in five years. We look upon this as a splendid indication of the interest of our Japanese people in the new church. At a meeting of the church members held at the Blackmer Home it was voted that the church pledge itself to raise 10,000 yen for the new church. The pledges made on Nov. 18 were part of that sum. It is inspiring to know that our Tokyo church has taken the initiative in this matter without any urging from the missionaries.

On Nov. 25, in addition to the morning service we had our first entertainment for the Kudan refugees, a camp of more than three thousand near our church. Our building was filled, the larger portion of the audience sitting on the floor. The entertainment consisted of musical numbers given by the Harmonica Club of the Higher Normal School, and some excellent moving pictures furnished by the Social Bureau of the Japanese Educational Department. We hope to give these entertainments two or three times each week during the winter. They will be varied, and we trust interesting enough to bring some cheer to those who have lost almost everything in the earthquake.

In addition to the entertainments we shall have a kindergarten for the children, and sewing classes and story telling for older children each day. This work will be under the direction of Miss Koyama.

Rev. Messrs. Kawabata and Ito will be at the building four or five afternoons each week, conducting a department of "Human Affairs." It will be their object to assist people in every possible way to recover from the maladjustments created by the earthquake. Mr. Kawabata's task will be largely to answer religious questions, and he will probably spend most of his time at the building. Mr. Ito will, through co-operation with other bureaus similar to his own, endeavor to find positions for those out of work, secure legal advice for those wanting it, investigate cases where people ask for clothing or food, and refer them to the proper authorities. This work is of great importance just now, and receives the hearty endorsement of the Government. We trust that many people may make use of it.

Dr. Ayres this year will teach the Sunday morning English Bible class, and on Thursday evenings will give a series of addresses on Christian Democracy. After each address an hour will be given for questions and discussion. A little later we hope to have similar meetings at our Missionary House.

We are anxious to have a soup kitchen in connection with our temporary building. Our plan is not to have it eaten on the premises, but to pass it out and have it taken home by those to whom tickets have been given. These tickets will indicate that those who receive the soup are deserving. They will be distrbuted either by our own workers, or by one of the accredited agencies for relief.

We are pleased to report that our new Social Building on the Blackmer Home grounds has been started, and we trust will be ready for service in the spring. It has been needed for a long time, and when completed will enable the mission to do a much larger work than ever before.

We are now having plasterers, masons and painters at work on the Missionary House. The earthquake took off quite a little of our plaster, and badly loosened and cracked the rest; it also cracked our big chimney so that it has had to be taken down. The result is that the Ayres family are living in the attic. We hope that in a couple of weeks we shall be living normally again.

Mrs. Ayres and I have recently made a visit to Shizuoka to look over our work there. We found everything running smoothly. Mr. Terasawa has many plans for the advancement of the church. He has rallied around him a fine group of young men all of whom are exceedingly anxious to do whatever they can to push our cause.

The kindergarten and the night school are both doing well, the former filling the large room in the school building. The night school continues to render splendid service for the working young men of Shizu-

oka and the surrounding towns. Mr. Stetson is at present teaching English in three of its classes.

Mr. and Mrs. Stetson have already made a place for themselves in the hearts of the people. We have every reason to believe that the work under their supervision will move forward, and more and more justify itself.

There are two needs in Shizuoka which we trust the home Church will meet in the near future. One is sufficient money to enable the mission to start a day school for girls. Outside of the kindergarten the school building is not in use at all during the day. It is too valuable a piece of property to be lying idle, especially when it might be doing fine work for the young girls of the community. Mr. Terasawa is assured that the school would be successful, and in a few years self-sustaining. Possibly eight hundred or a thousand yen would start it. We trust that it may not be long before we shall have it.

A second need is a modern American house for our missionaries. The house which they are occupying at present is dark and cold in winter, and not at all the kind of a dwelling which our Church should provide for those whom it sends to Japan. So far as we know no other foreign missionaries in Shizuoka are living in a Japanese house, and we ought not to be content to have ours live in one. The Japanese house has its attractions, but these rapidly disappear when the days are dark, and the atmosphere cold. Let us make our missionaries in Shizuoka comfortable; no matter what it costs it will be well worth every dollar that is expended.

We are beginning to get some news from the Providence Convention. We rejoice that it was voted to raise $100,000 for Japan. We believe that every dollar of it can be used wisely and well. Your workers in Japan sincerely appreciate this action. It insures the future of our mission in Tokyo.

Faith of Our Fathers

Elbert W. Whippen

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings. Isaiah 40 : 31.

I THINK every one, with the possible exception of a few clergymen, realizes that a new era has arrived for the Church. The last ten years since I began my theological training have marked a profound transitional stage in religious development. Great changes in thought and purpose have taken place. The end is not yet. Indeed I am inclined to believe that the total effect in this century on our institutions, our methods, our visions, is as yet uncounted and indeed unforeseen. And when the last chime rings out the last stroke of midnight at the close of another great century of hope, I am confident that the accomplishment of our age will be an acknowledged repetition of the faith of our fathers.

In spite of the oft-mentioned conflict between the forces of science and the forces of organized religion, it is nevertheless true that man's search for life and for the control and use of the universe is a quest for the ideal. Abraham out under the starry heavens of the East, or Edison groping for new uses of the energy of the universe in mechanics; Jesus speaking to men's souls by the River Jordan, or Franklin playing with his kite and keys in search of the mysteries of the sky; Socrates teaching the group of young men who clustered at his feet in ancient Greece, or Pasteur studying the microbe and germ in his little laboratory in France—all those who conscientiously have tried to expand the life of man have been searchers for the ideal, for God. So steadfast has been this search that it is possible for us to affirm with Voltaire that "if God did not exist, it would be necessary for us to invent him," so great is man's need of the unattained.

Even so has it been true that those in every age who have been the searchers for the ideal, the strugglers, the gropers for a preferred way of living, have enjoyed the ecstasy of which Isaiah spoke. They have "renewed their strength; they have mounted up with wings." To them has come the great joy of living. The strength which came to Isaiah came to Jesus as upon the Cross he gave his life that he might stand loyally by the ideals which he loved. This strength came to Paul as in the midst of the Mediterranean he led the frightened sailors to safety. This exhilaration came to Luther as he drove the nails which posted his theses on the door at Wurtemburg, and thus began a new age of religious thought. This emotional ecstasy was felt by Giordano Bruno as in the sixteenth century for new ideas in philosophy he was condemned, and as the flames of the fire in Rome licked his feet and consumed his body. This strength came to our own Emerson when in the last century he was ostracised by the schools and colleges for ideals which he knew must win at last in the lives of men. No man knows life until he has felt the thrill which comes from a conscious willingness to stand alone in support of public welfare, in the face of public opinion. It is this joy, this compensation, this glee, which has been common through the ages.

We do well to remember that this element in religion is common to the centuries. Behind the actions of all those who have been the searchers after truth is this common underlying inner impulse, which is the faith of us all as it was the faith of our fathers. And in the experience of all those who have been searchers after truth has been this exhilarating experience which is like unto soaring up with wings into a higher range of life.

In a similar fashion it must be borne constantly in mind that, just as the underlying purpose and faith of life remains the same, and has remained the same throughout the ages, *the outward expression of this faith has constantly changed*, affected as it has been by outward circumstances. This is one of the most difficult facts to impress upon the minds of people.

In Jesus' day it was thought by many that he was not following the inspiration and faith of his fathers, and he was named heretic and infidel, because he did not parrot their words and ape their actions. Similarly, Luther, Zwingle, Calvin, and John Hus were

declared infidels in their time because they refused to submit to the narrow interpretation of life which they found. So John Murray and William Ellery Channing, Ballou and Parker, because they digressed from the letter of the law of their time, were ostracised from the fellowship of the elect. It may be again in our life to-day that those who are trying to interpret the faith of our fathers in terms of a living age will be condemned as radicals and heretics.

Nevertheless it is true that the *common inner religious faith and spirit* has ever expressed itself in new and different objective efforts. It is true that the outward motive of yesterday can not be the outward motive of to-day, but that, while the underlying motive is the same, namely, the desire to serve God, the expression of that desire must be one befitting our time.

The condition of the Church a century ago and now is so much in contrast that it deserves our consideration. Then men and women were tremendously eager to prove themselves worthy of admittance into the church. Church membership had a definite motive—the saving of souls from soul anguish. Now note the lethargy and indifference toward church membership, and the lack of direction of our church people to-day.

This Church in which we happen to be had a *tremendous motive* a century ago which claimed the following of numbers of people. It needs some equally important and powerful motive to-day. If we can fix upon some such motive we shall have given an important cause for life for our association.

The motive of the Universalist Church at the time of its inception was formed by the thought and life of that time. In 1820 we may picture this country as a group of small towns and farms scattered up and down the Atlantic seaboard, with a population of about nine millions. The great Louisiana purchase had been made in 1803 but little had been done to explore or exploit it. Railroads, steamboats, telephones, telegraphs, and the great mechanical life of our day had not been developed. Only a small percentage of the people lived in cities. The population was mostly from the British Isles, with some scattering few from Holland.

In general we may picture the people of this time living their simple lives in communities which were small, and in which the neighbors were socially and genetically very similar.

In the midst of this kind of social life the interest in religion was intense. Many of the people had come to this country for religious liberty, and here in the new land the cause of the migration became the dominating motive of their lives.

Nor is it strange that the personal aspect of religion should be stressed. The great social and industrial problems had not arrived. Poverty existed, but there was always then a space beyond the pale of organized society in which the adventuresome souls could find land. So it was that, led by the inheritance of the Renaissance, the people spent hours and hours in the concern as to the spiritual salvation in the world to come. Life after death, and a life free from the torments of hell, was the outward motive of life for many.

And just as it was the motive of the Orthodox Churches to save people during life-time from the hell which a sovereign, a stern God might commit them to after death, so it became the motive of the Universalist Church to protest against eternal punishment and against hell. In the midst of the religious world of a century ago, the fathers and mothers of this Church were bent upon a very definite motive and a forward work. It is important always to remember that this motive and this work *were formed by the social life, the thought life, and the religious life of that age.*

A vast change has come over the society of our time. To-day one hundred and eleven millions of people are spreading themselves over our whole continental area—from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Canadian line to the Gulf of Mexico. Now not only the railroads and steamboats, the telegraphs and telephones, but also radios, victrolas, vast newspapers, and other devices draw us together as never before. Now the industrial or mechanical age has changed the type of life for nearly all, and congregated great masses into city places. Now the influx of immigration has brought in millions of people from Eastern and Southern Europe, from Asia, Africa, Australia, and the whole known world, bringing into the life of America the individual ideas, the religious motives, the social customs, of all mankind.

This change in the condition of life from the old to the new must necessarily create a new purpose, a new motive, for the Church which wants to serve this new condition of men.

Let me reaffirm that this is not to betray the faith of our fathers. It is to reaffirm our loyalty to their inner faith and spirit.

The major outward motive which I would suggest as the reason for the continued existence of a Church like this is *the promotion of the spirit of unity in the religious world and in the world at large.*

Some people think this can be done by reasserting the creed of our fathers, with a new inflection. I disagree with them. In the Boston Community Church a few years ago a fine intellectual Jew came to me and talked about joining that organization. "I am willing to join, provided it is not nominally Christian," said he. And this is the feeling of those who consider intelligently the matter of joining a body which is a sect of Christendom.

Rather must we point the way to a new experience in religion, into which all high-minded people may come, and be ready ourselves to go in that direction. In place of the ambiguous statements which are being published I would then suggest this brief manifesto:

"Conscious of the great changes of the last century, bringing us into touch with all races, all social groups, all religious theories, we point to the fact that the faith of our fathers is fundamentally common to that of the fathers of the great religions of the world. We urge therefore that the world look to a great religious union into which the socially minded Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, Buddhist, and all other religiously minded people may enter on an equal basis—a union which will seek to express the common yearning of all men for happiness in life through service in the world.

We urge further that as fast as possible in our communities organizations of people shall be formed to unite in the true spirit of religion, that the cults and sects of to-day may give place to the spiritual unity of to-morrow."

This statement of purpose is intended as a *point d'appui*, a goal toward which as a group we may direct our thoughts. It is not advised that the Universalist Church disband at once. This goal of a universal religious fellowship into which the noble minded of all races and religions may enter is a challenge to others as to us to approach the expressing of Christianity, but not necessarily so labeled. It is urged because it is felt that men of China, of India, of Egypt, and of other "non-Christian" nations may have the spirit and ethics of Christian living, and like my Jewish friend be unwilling to profess Christianity. We are ungenerous if we do not sympathize with that feeling.

This statement points further to the fact that religious fellowship is not based upon theological differences. What a spectacle to the outside world must Christianity be to-day! It is really amusing to one who temporarily looks externally at the whole matter. We say the world should be "Christian," and yet to join one of several sects is regarded by many of us as truly un-Christian. Even though one's belief may be important in such matters as the virgin birth, the immaculate conception, personal immortality, etc., many realize that a new social order can not really be built on such a structure of beliefs. Rather do we feel that religion must be based on certain social attitudes and social values, which of course are also human. This is really what our great religious minds of yesterday and of to-day are concerned with. Why can not those in every nation of these common sympathies unite—whether they be Christian or "pagan?"

A religion organized for world betterment is what we want. All those interested in the quest are spiritually related. Let us join hands and forces.

It ought to be said that such a program as I propose would not be all inclusive. It is not an attempt at uniformity. Many "Universalists" could not rightly join. It is *a new alignment* on the basis of social and human purposes. It is probable that we might have our radical or progressive community church, and our hide-bound, conservative expression. This suggestion offers many fogies (*i. e.*, foggy minded) a chance to laugh. They'd better not! What every thoughtful man wants is not uniformity but orderly progress. This statement of purpose offers progress in the direction of human needs and human desires. It will separate the sheep and the goats on a new basis of common sense and human well-being. So the splits which may come in a true community church movement will be justifiable on the basis of real vital differences. Such differences are always justifiable.

So I offer this statement of purpose as the outward form of that underlying spirit which I believe was common to our great religious masters. In it I see a basic unifying principle which may build a spirit and body of unity among our kindred spirits everywhere.

Every Universalist church, and every church congregationally organized, has a right to state such a faith and purpose. I believe that if it could be adopted it would prove a source of real inspiration and power.

The interest of the local church has too long been personal and selfish, and because of this men have not by it been renewed in strength. If such a motive were felt by our people, I feel that there would be a new enthusiasm for the work of their church. With such a great purpose, there would be incentive for entering into the church as a member, to aid its work.

And if we assume some such religious motive, some such outward motive with which to direct that inner fire, I am inclined to believe we might be among those of whom the prophet spoke—"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: They shall mount up with wings."

II---The Conduct of Public Worship

Daniel Evans

THERE is no part of the service so defective, difficult and delicate as the conduct of worship. When the preacher has the privilege of being in the pew and worshiping with the people, and some one else is in the pulpit, then, if he is at all sensitive to spiritual values and has a keen interest in the technique of his calling, he has a rare opportunity to study the conduct of worship. Now and again, though rarely, he has the experience of seeing and, in his heart, taking part with a minister whose conduct of worship is an inspiration, and he resolves he will endeavor to make his own services as worshipful and inspiring. Very frequently, however, the service is defective. There is little difference in tone, manner, and atmosphere between the service and a club meeting. The order of the service has no logical nor natural sequence, and one part does not lead to nor contribute to the other parts. There has evidently been no preparation in the reading of the Scripture, for he has difficulty in finding the lesson and he trips over some hard name, or involved sentence. The announcement of the notices, though they are printed on the calendar, which the people are urged to take home, fastens their attention on other matters, and it is difficult for the minister to get them back to the service. The prayer is too long, and the people do not follow him, but go off on something else, and it is altogether too informative, and really addressed half the time to the congregation rather than to God. We see, then, that there was considerable justification for the reporter who said of the prayer of a certain preacher that it was the most eloquent ever offered to a Boston audience. If we are not mistaken, the most earnest and religious ministers of all the Churches feel that the conduct of worship is defective.

It must be frankly admitted that this is also the most difficult part of the service. It is harder to pray than to preach. The strain is greater, the mood re-

quired is deeper, the soul is required to function more in a real worshipful service than in any address or lecture, or the sermon. And the condition and attitude of the people are frequently far from being conducive to the worshipful atmosphere. They come in late, they make much noise and they cause distraction. And the minister's own mood may be far from serene and elevated. Something may disturb him in his home, or his mind may be brought down to commonplace things by the deacons or trustees. And so neither he nor the people are in tune with the Infinite. Under such conditions it is very difficult to conduct the public worship. In the heart of many a minister there are grave silent reproaches, even rebukes, that he should not overcome or obviate these difficulties.

There is nothing the minister is called upon to do that is so difficult and delicate as the conduct of worship. The orchestral leader's task is very difficult and delicate: he must get each musician to render his part well and harmonize with the whole; he must also engage his attention and his very soul for the music he is to render; and the leader must hear the whole orchestra and feel the whole composition. This is the difficult and delicate task of the minister in his conduct of public worship. He must win souls to worship, stir them, awake them, harmonize them, lift them up to the spiritual heights.

In view of these facts, our ministers should give more attention to the technique and to the moral and spiritual conditions of public worship. They should make a thorough study of common worship, realize the psychological conditions for helpful worship, have the moral courage to exclude the extraneous things from the service, give more thought to the spiritual conditions of their own souls, be more altruistic in their sympathy with their people whose needs they are to express, and, above all, they should cultivate the spiritual sense so that God may be real and present to them and their people.

Our Responsibility for World Peace*

William Adams Brown

DR. JEFFERSON has been talking to us about our need of a new kind of leadership, a leadership which shall be Christian in fact as well as in name. Too many of the men in responsible positions to-day, he tells us, are imperialists in their philosophy. They appeal to selfishness and rely on force. Whether they call themselves Bolshevist like Lenine or Fascist like Mussolini or Republican like Poincare, they have lost faith in democratic methods. We need a new kind of leader, a man who trusts the good in people, who believes that we can do more by co-operation than by fighting and is willing to take the risks of his faith; a leader who will take Christ for his model and make brotherhood his creed.

God knows Dr. Jefferson is right! We do need such a leader. But in the meantime, while we are waiting for him what are the rest of us to do? We who are gathered here are not heads of governments but plain people doing their daily work as business men, teachers, preachers, citizens, homemakers. What can we do—indeed, is there anything we can do to hasten the coming of the leader we want and to make his work easier when he comes?

At first sight it might seem as if we could do little or nothing. The obstacles seem so insuperable, the difficulties so appalling. Yet history shows that it is often darkest just before the dawn. Great men do not live in a vacuum, they are interpreters as well as creators. They express what the many feel and execute what the multitudes desire. Unless we do our part to get ready for him our leader, when he comes, will be fatally handicapped.

What then, I repeat, can we do to prepare the way for the leader we need? I can answer in a single word. We can *organize our expectations*. We can create the atmosphere which will make the peaceful adjustment of differences between nations seem possible. And we can do it intelligently and on an international scale. That, as I understand it, is what this World Alliance is for. It is a piece of machinery which makes it possible for us to pool the existing fund of good-will, to associate ourselves with those engaged in similar enterprises in other countries, and to direct the knowledge thus liberated into definite and practicable channels.

We have come here to-day to learn what progress we have thus far made in our enterprise, what obstacles we face and how we propose to go to work to overcome them.

What the obstacles are we know only too well. There is ignorance; we do not know the facts. There is prejudice; we are unwilling to see them when presented to us. There is self-interest; even when we do see the facts we see them from the angle of our private concerns. There is habit, there is indifference, there is love of excitement, all the myriad influences which divert our attention from the longer future and make us content with impression instead of information, and preference instead of reasoned conviction. But there is one obstacle more formidable than all the rest, and that is skepticism. We do not really believe—at least that is true of far too many of us—we do not really believe that a peaceful world is possible. We would like to have it if we could, but we suspect that the dice are loaded against us from the start, and therefore we are not willing to make the effort which is necessary to insure success.

And there are plenty of people who are making it their business to reinforce us in our skepticism. In a recent address at the University of Glasgow a distinguished Englishman, former Lord Chancellor of his country, after referring in patronizing terms to the founder of Christianity as an idealist who did not expect his words to be taken seriously, and paying tribute to those who were responsible for establishing

*Address delivered at the eighth Annual Meeting of the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches, Philadelphia, Nov. 13.

the League of Nations as men who "forget human nature as absurdly as they neglect history," summed up his conclusion as to the present international situation as follows:

"For as long a time as the records of history have been preserved human society has passed through a ceaseless process of violence and adjustment. This process has been sometimes pacific, but more often it has resulted from war-like disturbances. The world continues to offer glittering prizes to those who have stout arms and sharp swords, and it is therefore extremely improbable that the experience of future nations will differ in any material respect from that which has happened since the twilight of the human race. It is for us, therefore, to prove in our history a martial rather than a military people; to abstain, as has been our habit, from provocations, but to maintain in our own hands adequate means for our protection and, so equipped, to march with head erect and bright eyes along the road to our imperial destiny."

The spirit which inspired these words is our greatest danger to-day—the spirit which makes the past the measure of the future. Because men have fought in the past we must take it for granted that they will still fight in future. When men hold up a different ideal, the ideal of a United States of Europe, let us say, when they suggest that we settle our disputes by peaceable methods and substitute law for force as the final arbiter in international affairs, they are sneered at as impracticable idealists. This would be something new and, therefore, not to be expected. This would be taking Jesus seriously, whereas we are disciples of an older and wiser teacher, that disillusioned sage who summed up his life's philosophy in the despairing sentence: "The thing that has been is the thing that shall be." "It is extremely improbable," says Lord Birkenhead, "that the experience of future nations will differ in any material respect from what has happened since the twilight of the human race." So improbable that we must dismiss it from our calculations and give ourselves with new energy to the old business of competitive armament.

That is not the way our scientists are talking. They do not make the past their measure of the future. On the contrary, they set no limits to their expectations. To them nature is a vast reservoir of power waiting to be released, and the discovery of yesterday is already forgotten in the exhilaration that comes with the possibility of to-morrow.

If Lord Birkenhead wants us to accept his attitude toward war he will really have to do something with the scientists. They have not caught his point of view. While he is still telling us that because men have always fought they always will fight, the scientists are seeing to it that if we fight in the future it shall be at least in a different way. Then it was a war of armies against armies, now it is a war of nations against nations. Then it was a war of one nation against another, or at most two or three, now war has become an international affair and it is more dangerous to stay out than to get in. Then the slain were numbered by the thousands or at most the tens of thousands, but now whole cities are blotted out and the death roll climbs into the millions. Then there were "glittering prizes" to be won by those who had "stout arms and sharp swords," but now war leaves the victors impoverished as well as the vanquished and the prizes are bankruptcy, lawlessness and disillusionment. If we must fight, at least let us be under no illusions as to what is in store for us. Will Irwin and Philip Gibbs have told us in plain words, and the man who has not read and weighed what they have said is living in a fool's paradise.

Our first business then, I repeat, is to revise our expectations. We must meet this counsel of despair with a gospel of hope, but if we are to do this successfully we must do it intelligently. Vague generalities will not do. We must meet facts with facts, program with program. If our scientists are confident it is because of what they have seen and done. If we are to recover our lost expectancy we must show men something to see and give them something to do.

We must show them something to see. There is a fund of good-will in mankind which is waiting to be used if only we are ingenious to find ways to use it. The fact that we haven't succeeded in doing it yet is no more reason for giving up trying than the fact that so many generations passed without the discovery of electricity is a reason why Franklin should not have flown his kite and Morse perfected his telegraph and Marconi unlocked for us the mysteries of radio. In human affairs as in the sciences, where there is a will there is a way. And it is for us to create the will pointing out the way.

They tell us that a United States of Europe is impossible, but that is just what we were told about the United States of America. They tell us that peace can not be secured without armament, but we have recently celebrated the anniversary of a hundred years of peace with a country with which we had once fought and with which we concluded peace on the basis of a mutual destruction of armament. They tell us that defeat in war necessarily breeds the spirit of revenge, but we have seen the general who led the defeated army in one of the most stubbornly contested wars of our time become prime minister of the country which had defeated him, and the most distinguished advocate of the gospel of good-will. These are but few of the many illustrations which might be given of the stores of good-will that are available for our use if only we can develop ingenuity to use them. But this good-will must be organized.

That, I repeat, is what the World Alliance is trying to do. It is the attempt to get back of the governments to the people they represent and to interpret in united and impressive form these aspirations for justice and peace which, so long as they are purely individual, remain largely inarticulate. The World Alliance is not a substitute for the more formal missionary of international conciliation—the Hague Court, the League of Nations, the treaties of arbitration between different nations—it is an agency for generating the public opinion which will insure their being used.

What, then, have we been able to do through the Alliance to enlist the services of Christian people of the different countries in the cause of world peace?

In the first place, we have been working to bring about contacts, contact between the lovers of peace

in each country and between such people in different countries.

But the contact of selected individuals is not enough. Such contacts must be multiplied in each of the countries represented. It is not enough that a few of us here or there want peace and are willing to work for it. We must want it intelligently enough to devise a program in which we can interest large numbers of our fellow citizens.

We have spent an immense amount of energy in our advocacy of peace, but it has not produced commensurate results becaue it has been dissipated. The advocates of an association of nations would have none of the League, and those who believe in the outlawry of war have had no interest in a Court which was content to stop such wars as it could. Surely the time has come for a more intelligent attitude. In other relations of life we use existing agencies till we can devise better; why should we not do so here? One need not be blind to the faults of the present League to see that it is doing good work in a field in which no one else is doing anything. Or surrender one's belief that the ultimate goal is the outlawry of war to recognize that there is a Court in which those who would rather not fight can find the peaceable means of settling their disputes. Let us get back of what we have with all our might while at the same time we devote our best energy to devising something better.

It is a view to which more and more persons are coming to-day. It found striking expression in a recent editorial in *Unity*, in which John Haynes Holmes, hitherto one of the most determined opponents of the League of Nations, urges union in a program in which the League shall be included. Instead of trying to make our pet plan prevail at any cost, we are coming to see that we might be willing to cooperate with them in the ways that seem to them practicable.

There is no reason, therefore, to be discouraged. Things are moving and they are moving in the right direction. Even Lord Birkenhead, gloomy as is his outlook, does not contend that war is inevitable. He admits that the necessary adjustments have sometimes taken place peaceably. "Only," he reminds us, "this chance comes very seldom." But an admission is all we need. The fact that it is hard to find a peaceable way out need not discourage us if only it be admitted that it is possible. Difficulties never deter any one who is worth while provided the prize is great enough. They are simply a challenge to more rigorous discipline and more complete devotion.

It comes back to you and me at last. The leader will come if only we do our part to get ready for him. Indeed, I suspect that he is here already if we had eyes to see him. There are men in high places to-day who believe what you and I believe and are trying to bring it about. Lord Robert Cecil is such a man, General Smuts is such a man, President Masaryk is such a man, Professor Benes, if all that we hear is true, is such a man. But they can not do their work alone, they must find the way prepared and that is your business and mine.

Ten days ago I was at New Haven watching the Army play against Yale. At my side was a famous football player of earlier days who was explaining to me the philosophy of the game. "In order to gain ground," he said, "the line men must make a gap and the man who has the ball must go through, and they must do it at the same time. The gap need not be wide and it need not last long, but it must be utilized when the chance comes." It's just so in our fight for a peaceful world. We are facing a line of prejudice and self-interest which seems insurmountable, but once in a while we are able to make a breach through which the man with ideals can push and press on. Do not let us forget in our cry for leadership that the best of leaders will be impotent unless we on the line put our shoulders to the task and make the opening through which the statesman and the diplomat can push on to permanent achievement.

In a letter to a friend written many years ago Campbell-Bannerman, that great statesman to whose enlightened leadership England owes the settlement of the Boer War, has this to say of the methods to be followed in dealing with these former enemies: "It is not by force of arms that South Africa will be lost, but by misgovernment, and instead of blustering about reinforcements and army reform, or—shall we say—platitudinizing about commercial education, it would be well if our eminent ones applied themselves to this problem: How to make those love us who now hate us."

How to make those love us who hate us—is not this the word we need to-day? We have organized our armies and our navies, our ambitions and our greeds; has not the time come to organize our good-will?

Following the General Superintendent

John Smith Lowe

THIS column has been silent for a long time. The writer has enjoyed the vacation. No doubt the same is true of those who read. People who talk only occasionally are more interesting than those who talk incessantly. To miss something for a while is to have a sharper appetite for it when it reappears.

The fact that the writer's vacation was enforced added spice to it. Nature has a way of cleaning up once in a while. She is autocratic, dictatorial, arbitrary. She brooks no interference with her plans. She allows you not so much as a hearing. She pronounces sentence and enforces the penalty. We talk a lot about pure democracy. Nature knows nothing about it. She allows us a wide margin of freedom but not unrestricted liberty. We go just so far and then she brings us up with a jerk. Nature is despotic. She is also democratic. Her slogan is "efficiency." Her law is "continuous progressive change." In achieving this result her policy is a blending of democracy and autocracy.

The Superintendent was at lunch the other day

with a rising young lawyer. He has strength of character and his thinking is clean cut. "Do you know," said he, "the people think they want pure democracy? They don't really want anything of the kind. Pure democracy means chaos. What they want is a free hand in choosing men and women to represent them in government affairs, who are upright in character, deep and clear in their thinking, fearless in the prosecution of duty, and who will not hesitate to invoke all the authority with which they are invested in their efforts to get the things done which are vital to the well being of all." There you have it straight. It might not be a bad plan to think it over seriously.

No effort will be made at this time to trace all of my activities since my last article on "Following the General Superintendent" appeared. When on the eighteenth of last May I went home from the office and retired to a reclining position to do battle for weeks with a whole army division of microbes, known as *bacilli streptococci*, my note book was full of items which were to be the subject matter of future *Leader* articles, but they are now out of date, so we will let them go.

* *

The Providence Convention was no sooner out of the way than I began packing my suit-case for a trip South. Events of the Convention placed responsibilities on my shoulders calling for prompt action, but the dates of the Southern itinerary were made weeks before the General Convention session and could not be canceled. Plans for the Christ Crusade, aside from scattered notes jotted down while hurriedly flitting about from place to place, had to wait.

Kind friends made it possible for Mrs. Lowe to accompany me. What did we do with Jack? That's an interesting question. I have always had a fondness for Congregationalists. Jack was baptized by a Congregational minister thirteen years ago. During my illness last spring a leading layman in the Union Congregational Church, Providence, came to my bedside repeatedly for the purpose of shaving his friend. When he and his wife learned that Mrs. Lowe had been given a chance to go with me, they removed the last obstacle in the way by saying, "Let Jack come and live with us while you are gone." They have two children of their own and to accept seemed like imposing upon generosity. We protested. It did no good. They insisted, with the result that Jack was adopted into the Greene household for nearly a month. He had the "time of his life," was the way he put it. Of course he did, and if you knew his two "chums" during those delightful days, Dorothy, twelve, and Junior, fifteen, you would know why. By the way, Mr. Greene's minister has asked me to occupy the pulpit in Union Congregational Church Sunday, Jan. 13, 1924.

* *

My first stop was in Mt. Vernon, New York, for the installation of the Rev. John Sayles as minister of the new society that has been formed by effecting a union of Unitarians and Universalists. It was a most inspiring event. The Universalists and Unitarians make up a happy family. Anything short of the merger that has been effected in Mt. Vernon would have been a serious indictment against those who profess to hold a liberal faith. We preach eloquently about the unity of humanity. It is the practise of it that counts.

We mean something definite by our talk about Christian unity or we don't mean anything by it. Speculating in advance as to what will be the outcome of such an experiment as we are trying out in Mt. Vernon and elsewhere is wide of the point. Our plain duty is to try it out to the limit of our powers. The outcome will speak for itself. Mr. Sayles is most admirably fitted for the important place he is to fill. In temperament, equipment and training he brings to his task the peculiar gifts which are a prophecy of success.

The working plan adopted is about as nearly ideal as possible. No one suspects either denomination of seeking to steal a church or gain some peculiar advantage over the other. Both denominations have manifested a disposition to sink out of sight all thought of peculiar advantages for the sake of advancing the cause. The Universalists and Unitarians have more than met each other half way. One of our own men in reviewing the negotiations leading up to the merger said, "You have to admit that the Unitarians have almost embarrassed us by the spirit of good sportsmanship they have manifested." He was right.

* *

The next step was far away to the South and West at Florala, Alabama, where the State Convention was held. Thursday night at six o'clock we attended a Rotary Club banquet. The Convention opened at 7.30. After a brief address at the Rotary Club dinner, I preached the opening sermon of the Universalist gathering. A Methodist revival was in progress while the Universalists were in session. Some hinted that it was staged for the purpose of diverting attention from our presence and message. However that may be, the effect was to stir the town with a deep interest in things religious. "What do Universalists believe?" and "Why do they believe it?" were the questions of the hour. In the English class in high school Friday morning there was an animated but good-natured discussion between the Universalist students and those of other churches. The outcome of the whole situation was a challenge to some one in attendance at the Universalist Convention to give a reason for the faith held by liberals.

It was hurriedly announced in the town and by telephone to the surrounding country that the General Superintendent would meet the challenge Sunday morning. I had been advertised to speak on all five of our principles of faith in a single discourse. It was something of a contract but there was nothing else to do. At the appointed hour the church was filled with expectant listeners. For sixty minutes I spoke a veritable torrent of words which I hope were not wholly devoid of thought. I broke all records for speed. Naturally deliberate if not slow of utterance, it was a new experience. It was not an old-fashioned doctrinal sermon. No reference was made to the doctrines of other Churches. The message was a positive exposition of the teachings of Jesus. The emphasis was both theological and social. It was interesting and inspiring to the speaker.

At the conclusion of the sermon the president of

the Convention, the Rev. Henry Crumpton of Brewton, opened the doors to church membership. Six representative men and women united with the church. They are prominent people in Florala whose influence will be a great help to our church.

My reference to Mr. Crumpton reminds me that here is a man of peculiar genius and power who came into our fellowship from the Baptist ministry. His father was a Baptist minister before him and Henry was brought up as a boy in Brewton, his father at the time being pastor of the local Baptist church. Those of my readers who were at the Detroit and Providence Conventions will remember Mr. Crumpton for his ability to make his hearers see both the serious and the humorous side of life. At Providence he amused the ministers at their meeting by saying, "The trouble with us is that there is just enough sin in us so that we can't enjoy religion and we have just enough religion so that we can't enjoy sin."

Saturday morning at the Florala Convention he introduced a Methodist minister who has been a friend of his for years, that he might give his message of greeting. When he had finished, Mr. Crumpton exclaimed: "You see there isn't much difference between a Methodist and a Universalist after all. A Methodist backslides and a Universalist slides back."

On his way home from the Providence Convention Mr. Crumpton, in anticipation of the opening of the hunting season soon to occur, stopped off in Birmingham and bought him a bird dog for which he paid the modest sum of $100. How he managed to have $100 left, after attending a National Convention, to spend for anything, he has not explained. Perhaps the explanation was that after the hunting season was over he planned to sell the dog to some sportsman for considerably more than $100. Misfortune was in store for our friend. Shortly after reaching home he gave the dog his supper. A little later the dog got out and disappeared. He could not be found. Mr. Crumpton, feeling pretty blue, started down town the next morning. On his way a friend met him and said, "Good morning, Henry. What makes you look so doggone sad?" "That's just the trouble," replied the disconsolate Henry. "Dog gone."

Sunday evening we were in Chapman, where one of the new vice-presidents of the Convention, Mr. McGowin, lives. I always have a good audience in Chapman, but on this occasion all records were broken. The church was packed. We rested for two days in Chapman with never-to-be-forgotten friends, Mr. and Mrs. McGowin.

Tuesday night we were in Brewton enjoying the inimitable hospitality of Mrs. T. R. Miller. A surprise awaited us in Brewton. We knew we had a new church there but we did not dream we were to see what our eyes beheld. The new Brewton church is one of the most beautiful in our denomination. It is Gothic in conception, although the architect has adapted the Gothic ideal to local conditions. The exterior finish is cement stucco. The interior woodwork is finished a dark walnut shade and the window glass diffuses a soft and harmonious light throughout the auditorium. We have reason to be proud of this exquisite church edifice which speaks to the soul a message of reverence and worship. Before long the *Leader* should carry a picture of this church with a descriptive article. There are important reasons why such an article is to be delayed for the present.

While in Brewton, for Mrs. Lowe's benefit, we motored down to Atmore thirty miles away to allow her to see her first orange grove. The culture of oranges in southern Alabama is a new departure. The growers are featuring the Japanese "Satsuma," resembling the tangerine in appearance. The Satsuma was recently imported into this country. It ripens early and is ready for the market before the frost comes. It is a delicious orange and is sure to be very popular. The twenty-five acre grove we visited was a sea of golden fruit glinting in the sunlight. We picked and ate to our hearts' content and sent a box to our friends back home. It is predicted that Satsumas will be grown in great abundance in Alabama in a few years.

* *

Thursday night we were in Pensacola, Florida, where I preached to a splendid audience, and Friday morning, on a train three hours late, we reached De Funiak Springs, Florida, for the Florida Convention. Mr. Ross, our minister there, and his good people took pains to see that we were royally entertained. Mr. Cawthon, his leading layman, who lived in the vicinity in the early days when there were no railroads, no highways, no bridges, only country, horses and cattle, was on hand early and late to see that nothing was neglected. If space would permit, I should like to relate for you some of Mr. Cawthon's stories of his early life when, mounted on a fiery steed, he joined with others in driving wild cattle to Pensacola, over eighty miles distant. His descriptions of their experiences in swimming these sharp-horned cows across the river are real thrillers.

Mr. Ross is a writer of verses of real merit. The local paper prints one of his poems in nearly every issue.

The Convention was mostly a three-day period of preaching, with Brother Bishop and the General Superintendent dividing the responsibility. Sunday morning by special request I repeated the discourse given the week before in Florala. Twenty-five people motored over from the latter place, some of them to hear it a second time, others to hear it for the first time. I mention the fact to indicate that interest in this type of preaching has not died out entirely in this section of the country. I wonder if it has ceased to exist altogether in any locality. One of the leading women of the community united with the church at the close of the service.

Monday night we were in Montgomery with Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, who did so much to make our entire trip one of helpfulness and enjoyment. We were on our way to Camp Hill, known to all of my readers as the home of the Camp Hill Industrial School. The stay in Camp Hill from Tuesday night until Thursday morning was the climax of a most eventful trip.

* *

Allow me to double back on our trail long enough to say that while we were in Brewton we visited two industrial schools; one for white children and one for colored boys and girls. It is of the colored school

in particular that I wish to speak. It is located on a fine old estate some eight or ten miles from Brewton. The institution is a model of neatness and efficiency. The principal, a Tuskegee graduate, assembled the students, some seventy-five or eighty, for special chapel exercises. Our party of four was seated on the platform. We were called upon for a few remarks, each one of us, and Mrs. Lowe sang several songs, one of humorous nature which wreathed the dark faces with happy smiles.

Then we were given a treat. The principal turned to us and said: "I don't know how you feel about it, but from my stand, some good things came out of the old slavery days. For one, I would mention the old plantation melodies which our people sang so much in those bygone days. We will sing a few of them for you." They did. And how they sang! There is nothing like it anywhere. The principal did the leading and carried the air. The melodious strains of music rose and fell like billows. Joy and pathos, mostly pathos, were closely intermingled. All of the parts were to be heard, pleasingly blended too, as the voices poured forth the volume of appealing sound. "Swing low, sweet chariot," and "Doan yo' weep no mo," were two of the numbers as I recall them.

Now the striking thing about this really remarkable singing is that these plantation melodies are not to be found anywhere in recorded music. No one knows who created them. In fact, most likely no one person composed them. They grew up and little by little were pieced together. Both words and music were learned by the people and then they were passed on from one generation to the next. Even now as I write I can hear those plaintive voices lifted in those heart-touching melodies of slavery days. The memory of them will haunt me to the end of my life.

The school is the particular charge of the Dutch Reformed Church of the state of New York. Contributions, of course, are accepted from any source, but the Dutch Reformed people have adopted the school as their particular responsibility. The theory is that their people will give more generously to a special object like this than they will to a lot of good causes in general. "The Community Chest" plan of giving is the modern way and it has strong points to commend it, but there is still much to be said for the policy of asking people to give to a particular interest which they adopt as their own.

* *

I preached in the Camp Hill church Tuesday night to an audience made up of local residents, faculty and students from the Industrial Institute and a few people who had traveled a distance of thirty miles. Mr. Ward, the creator and principal of the school, had, in less than a week, done no small amount of advertising.

Wednesday morning we attended special chapel exercises in the assembly hall of the Institute. We faced a fine body of students of between eighty and one hundred. Mrs. Lowe sang two groups of songs, beautifully accompanied by Miss Mary Ward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ward. I made a brief talk on the subject of dependability.

The visit was a re-creation of my interest in the Camp Hill Industrial Institute. Mr. Ward's school is doing a great and good work that is meeting a human need. The standards of his school are high. At least two of his teachers are Wellesley graduates. I commend it to our people. At the head of his letter paper Mr. Ward carries the slogan, "A Million for Camp Hill." The school deserves it. It needs it. Why not help?

Wednesday we were entertained at a banquet given by the trustees of our church, but mostly by their wives, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Trimble. The ladies covered themselves with glory. A more sumptuous repast could not be imagined. They left nothing undone to make the occasion one to linger in one's memory. The object of it all was to impress upon us the importance of securing a minister for the Camp Hill field. I would have given them anything within my reach after enjoying their wonderful hospitality. We were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ward and their accomplished daughter Mary. If there is some part of the natural art of entertaining in which these good people are not versed the General Superintendent and his wife are at a loss to name it.

* *

Now for my closing paragraph I want you to follow me once again to the peaceful town of De Funiak Springs, Florida. As I stepped from the train and my eyes rested once more on the placid little fresh water lake a few hundred feet away, a telegram was thrust into my hand. I opened it and read: "Dr. Bisbee is dead. He passed away last night." He had been in my mind and his name had been on my lips less than ten minutes before I received the wire. Here is what I had just said to a friend. I give it to you just as the remark was made at the time. "Dr. Bisbee is not far from the end of his journey, but remember one thing, he will die with his shoes on." That was Dr. Bisbee. Neither sickness nor physical infirmity could silence his mind or stop his hand from work. When for the first time some of us assisted in making the plans whereby he could go down to Miami for the winter months, we did it in the hope that he would rest on his oars and take things easy. We should have known him better. He was no sooner on the ground than he opened a preaching station and started a church society. He held to his task with his last ounce of strength. When it was time this last fall for his services to begin, and there was no minister on hand to make the beginning, he sent out the call for a congregation Sunday morning in his own home. The friends came and from his wheel chair he discoursed to them about the faith with which his own brave soul was so wonderfully fortified. A few days later and his voice was stilled. Dr. Bisbee is gone from our midst but his spirit lives and his memory lingers.

Our Church owes him a debt it can never pay, and he would be the last to collect the bill. To me personally during the past six years he has been one of the truest friends and one of the staunchest supporters I have ever known. Early in 1917, when I succeeded Dr. McGlauflin, Dr. Bisbee's letter of congratulation, accompanied by a promise to assist me to the uttermost, was one of the first to reach me, and he was true to his pledge to his last hour.

One of the last letters he ever wrote was directed to me as a message of encouragement after my long illness. It was a letter charged with the kind of cheer that fills you with confidence and hope. In the hour of his own trial and suffering he could pour out his rapidly waning supply of strength in an effort to give power to a fellow-worker. "Go slow," he wrote. "Economy of effort is life." It was like him to say that, and it may be true, but if so, he never practised it to any considerable extent. He economized in effort by using every atom of his vitality in diligent service.

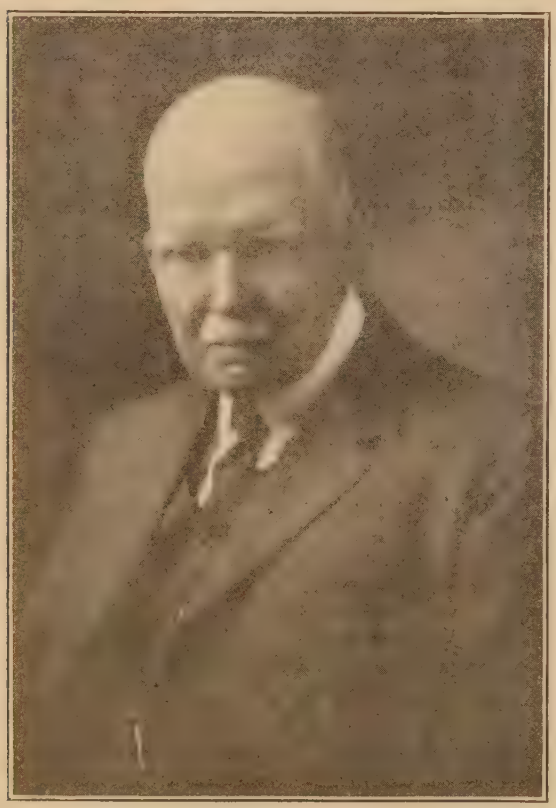
A son could not have loved a father much more than the General Superintendent loved him, and he was a father to me. It is a blessed heritage he has left behind for his son and his daughter to cherish and build upon.

The world is not poorer because at last he is no more; it is brighter and better because he once lived in it.

Representative Universalists

XV Dana Judson Flanders

IN the small village of Plaistow, N. H., on Dec. 21, 1850, Mr. Dana J. Flanders of Malden, Mass., the subject of this sketch, was born. His parents were of sturdy New England stock of hard-working, God-fearing, independent people—a blend of strength and tenderness. While both parents were Universalists, the grandparents on the



DANA JUDSON FLANDERS

father's side were ardent Baptists, and in the Sunday school of that denomination, over which his grandmother presided, the young boy, Dana, received his early religious instruction. The fact that the son was named for two noted Baptist missionaries, Dana Boardman and Dr. Judson, makes evident that the grandmother was a woman of deep conviction and compelling influence.

The severe and lurid theology so prevalent fifty years ago cast its spell over the boy's mind and heart, and often in recent years I have heard Mr. Flanders describe the revival meetings he attended in those far away days. The Baptists have always been famous for their independence of thought, and this trait, whether in theology, politics or business, is a marked characteristic of our friend. After calm and careful deliberation he forms his convictions, and even though alone quietly but firmly stands by them, regardless of consequences. While tenacious of his convictions, no one could be more courteous towards those cherishing different views or more ardent in defending their liberty of thought. No one can stampede Mr. Flanders into the adoption of any theology, philosophy of life, social or political theory, that he has not carefully weighed and which does not have the approval of his deliberate judgment. However, having once made up his mind and given his heart he is staunch in his loyalty and of undying friendship.

Mr. Flanders' early life was one of struggle and privation and his education was gained chiefly in the university of experience. He attended the village school and, for three terms, the Atkinson Academy, walking three or four miles back and forth morning and night. When he was thirteen years of age his father was appointed station agent at a small freight station named Plaistow Brick Yards, where the bricks chiefly used in building the Lawrence and Lowell mills were made. His father had learned telegraphy, using the old-fashioned register with a strip of paper for receiving. Reading by sound was becoming recognized as the new and up to date method, and the boy Dana was urged to acquire the new way, which he did in the course of a year. Immediately thereafter he became a telegraph operator, assistant agent and general utility man up and down the line, teaching the agents where new instruments had been installed and acting as substitute operator and agent in case of illness and vacations. For five years he did this work, and was then called to Boston to take the operator's place in the superintendent's office. While there he was substitute clerk in the treasurer's and the general ticket office, and soon was placed in full charge of the railroad telegraph operators, both in the superintendent's office and out on the lines. In 1874 Mr. Flanders was appointed as a temporary official to fill the vacancy in the office of General Ticket Agent and in three months was officially given the title. Thus within ten years of his father's

appointment as agent at a small freight station, the son, under twenty years of age, was placed at the head of the ticket department of a railroad of one hundred and fifty-five miles. He remained at the head of the department as General Ticket Agent, General Passenger and Ticket Agent and Passenger and Traffic Manager for thirty-six years. When he retired from the service of the railroad he had over 2,300 miles under his charge. Including his years as spare operator and agent, he was forty-seven years with the Boston and Maine.

In railroad circles throughout the country Mr. Flanders is highly regarded for his intimate knowledge of transportation, sound judgment, fair dealing and far-seeing vision. For a term of two years he was president of the National Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents. Thus round by round from the humblest beginnings the boy by dint of his own efforts rose to a position of honor and power in his chosen field of endeavor.

While never aspiring to office, this man of many cares has always taken an active interest in public affairs both local and national, and during a period of years served his city in positions of trust. While a Democrat in politics he has ever exercised his characteristic independence, opposing his own party when in his judgment it was in the wrong. After retiring from his position with the railroad he became active in the Malden Trust Company of which, from its organization, he has been a director. He is now president of that strong and growing institution.

For over fifty years Mr. Flanders has been a Mason, taking every degree. He is to-day active in promoting the beneficences of Masonry and has been the recipient of its highest official honors.

At the solicitation of an old and dear friend Mr. Flanders accepted an appointment for a "year or two" as a member of the board of trustees of the First Universalist Parish in Malden. This was the beginning of a long period of conspicuous service for the Universalist Church, that has greatly enriched its life. He is now serving his thirty-third year as chairman of the board of the Old First Parish. In about the year 1900 he was elected to the board of trustees of the Massachusetts Universalist Convention and served fifteen years, two of them as president of the Convention. Many churches in Massachusetts are to-day doing aggressive work in their communities because, in the days when they were struggling, his encouragement and wise counsel prevailed. While conservative, deliberate and cautious, at the same time he is progressive, and when once his mind is made up he is bold in action and never is a quitter.

In December, 1874, he was married to Miss Eliza Duffill. To them have been born two sons, Herbert M. and Howard N., and one daughter, Ruth Louisa (Mrs. Paul Turner). Theirs is a home of sincere, generous and warm hospitality. During the half century great sorrows have come to them, but their pressure has only bound their hearts together the closer in the bonds of affection. The afternoon of their lives is even more beautiful than the morning. May the evening have only enough clouds to add to the beauty of the twilight hour!

The Will of Mrs. Cooper

UNDER the will of Mrs. Sarah Dockstader Cooper of New York City the following bequests of especial interest to the Universalist Church were made:

To Florence E. Gray, church secretary at the Church of the Divine Paternity, $5,000; to Clara Riepe and Ove Sparre, for many years workers at the Universalist Mission, New York City, $500 each; to Miss Mary Lippincott, $1,000 to enable her to enter the Chapin Home; to Dr. Frank Oliver Hall, $1,000; to Josephine Newton, daughter of Dr. Jos. Fort Newton, $3,000; to E. Willis Scott, sexton of the Church of the Divine Paternity, $2,000; to Mrs. Scott, $3,000; to the Southern Industrial Institute, Camp Hill, Alabama, $500 (a further provision of $2,500 does not become operative) to establish a scholarship in memory of Mrs. Cooper's father, George A. Dockstader; to St. Lawrence University, $1,000; to the Free Industrial School for Crippled Children, $1,000; to the New York Association for the Blind, $1,000; to the Church of the Divine Paternity, for its Fresh Air Work $2,000, for the work of the Ladies' Aid Society $2,000, for the work of the Sunday School $1,000, for the work of the Y. P. C. U. $1,000; to the First Universalist Mission, $2,000; for the endowment fund of the First Universalist Society of Mt. Vernon, New York, $3,000 ; to the Takala Society of the Church of the Divine Paternity, $5,000; to the Universalist General Convention the sum of $8,000 to establish a permanent fund to be known as the Washington L. Cooper Fund for Ministerial Relief; to the General Convention for a Murray Grove Endowment $5,000; to the General Convention for the General Sunday School Association endowment $1,000; to the Woman's Universalist Missionary Society of the state of New York, $500; to the Washington Heights Universalist Church, $1,000 (without condition).

We copy Articles VI, VII, VIII, and IX here entire.

Article VI. I give and bequeath to the Chapin Home for the Aged and Infirm of the City of New York the sum of Forty Thousand Dollars ($40,000), to be added to, and become a part of, the fund heretofore established by me and called "The Mr. and Mrs. Washington L. Cooper Fund," the income thereof to be used for, and applied to, the perpetual care of the Cooper Memorial Chapel, and pulpit supplies for the said chapel, and also to keep the interior of the elevator, given in memory of my beloved father, George A. Dockstader, supplied with fresh carpets, cushions, and anything else which may be necessary to keep it equal to a new and attractive elevator. In connection with this bequest, I request, and it is my earnest desire, that in the choice of a chaplain for the said Chapin Home the pastor and the board of trustees of the Fourth Universalist Society of the City of New York, usually called the Church of the Divine Paternity, in the Borough of Manhattan in the City of New York, shall always be consulted and that their advice and desire shall be given great consideration and weight. I further request that if such office of chaplain becomes vacant it be offered to Frank Oliver Hall, D. D., and, if the latter should not at that time desire to give up his pastorate and devote himself to the services of the said Chapin Home, that whenever such office shall become va-

cant during the lifetime of the said Dr. Hall, it shall be offered to him, provided always that in the judgment of the trustees of the Chapin Home and the trustees of the said Fourth Universalist Society of the City of New York he shall be capable of performing the duties required.

Article VII. I give and bequeath to the hereinbefore mentioned Fourth Universalist Society of the City of New York the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars ($10,000) to establish a permanent fund, the principal thereof to be kept and invested, and the income only thereof to be used for the general purposes of the said Fourth Universalist Society of New York.

Article VIII. I give and bequeath to the First Universalist Mission Society of the City of New York, incorporated under the laws of the state of New York, the sum of One Thousand Dollars ($1,000) to be added to the fund heretofore established by me, and known as the "Cooper Fund," for the Sunday school connected with the said Mission Society, the income only thereof to be used for, and applied to, the general purposes of such Sunday school.

Article IX. Because the forethought of my late beloved husband has enabled me to be helpful to those who are in need, I desire and request that as far as possible the legacies hereinabove given to institutions shall, except when otherwise specifically directed by me in this my will, be used to establish endowment funds in the name of my said husband, Washington L. Cooper, the income only therefrom to be used for the benefit of the said respective institutions.

The residuary estate goes to Mrs. Cooper's dear friend, Miss Mary A. Branch, and to her niece, Mrs. Charles F. Blake. In addition Mrs. Blake inherits $100,000 and Miss Branch $5,000.

* * *

WHAT CAN THE CHURCHES DO ABOUT THE PROBLEMS OF EUROPE

Kirby Page

EUROPE is pessimistic. She has reason to be so. Millions are reduced to the point of starvation. Public health has not been so bad since the Thirty Years War. Education has been set back for generations. Moral codes have been shattered. Unspeakable vulgarity and gross licentiousness everywhere abound. The religious life of the people is at a low ebb. The churches are pathetically weak and exercise only a negligible influence on public affairs. One does not need to be an alarmist to say that European civilization is seriously threatened. What can the United States do about this situation? Can we not agree upon the following points?

1. Out of our abundance, we can contribute generously toward the relief of the hungry and destitute. Whatever the causes and whoever is to blame, more than ten million people in Central Europe are in dire need. Obviously the humanitarian and the Christian thing to do is to help keep them from perishing.

2. We can aid in the creation and strengthening of international agencies of justice, through which law and orderly government may be substituted for international anarchy and violence. History seems to indicate that three phases of government are essential: legislation, adjudication and administration. It will not be sufficient for the United States to enter the World Court. Our entrance into the League of Nations is likewise imperative if Europe and the world are to be saved from extreme nationalism and militarism. There does not seem to be the remotest possibility of any other agency being created in time to avert a universal catastrophe.

3. We can help greatly by aiding in the calling of a world economic conference which will frankly and fearlessly face the problems of reparations and inter-allied debts. If we should enter such a conference with the willingness to scale down or cancel the war debts on well defined conditions, our action would go a long way toward breaking the deadlock which is now strangling Europe. The refusal of our Government to consider a reduction of war debts due from the Allied Governments has heretofore prevented any solution of the economic problems of Europe.

4. We can take the lead in calling a world conference on disarmament, after the precedent of the Washington Conference. Armaments are based upon fear, and in turn create greater fear. This vicious circle can be broken only by recognizing the futility and fatality of depending upon military force and, by seeking security and justice in other ways. The times demand that religious people should take seriously their gospel that love is mightier than physical force, that evil can be overcome with good, and that the innocent should be willing to suffer in seeking to change the guilty. Are we not under obligation to support all efforts to declare war to be legally a crime and ethically a sin? Of all the nations, we are in the most favorable position to initiate a drastic cut in armaments. It will be nothing short of criminal neglect of duty if we fail mankind at this hour.

* * *

THE WISDOM OF "DEEDING IT TO THE CONVENTION"

Harry Adams Hersey

THIS is a true story, with names substituted. In the little town of Doeroe, home of John Doe and Richard Roe, there was once a Universalist constituency. On two of the choicest lots in town they builded a brick church, the best church in the community, costing $5,000 then, but not replaceable now for less than treble that sum. From causes of which the deponent sayeth naught the church dwindled and became dormant. Certain betterments laid the defunct society liable to a tax of $350. Now there arose in that town a certain Sorority, full of good works, and it said, "Give us the church and we will pay the taxes." And so it seemed good to the survivors to do, "for," reasoned they, "this will save the church from becoming an unsightly garage, or some other unlovely spectacle." So they elected a trustee to make the board complete, and executed a deed of sale "for one dollar," and presented it to the State Convention for endorsement.

Now it so happened that certain of the forebears, wise in their day and generation, had deeded the property to the State Convention, under conditions which specified that the Doeroe church could not be sold until the Universalist society should cease to exist. In that event the church might be sold and the proceeds held forever as a fund for the benefit of Universalism in the state, with a preference for work in Doeroe.

Thus the church can not be sold at present. The

State Convention will assume the tax obligation. But, best of all, certain ardent young ministers, when they heard of the Doeroe situation, said, "We'll go down there and hold some services, if we can't get but six in the congregation, and if it is possible there shall again be a live church in the town." So they saved the two choice lots, and they saved the church building; and who knoweth but that there shall walk a man through the valley of dry bones who shall see them clothed with flesh?

If thou hast profited by this true tale, go thou with thy trustees and make a deed of the church so that, living or dead, it shall serve the cause forever.

* * *

THE UNIVERSALIST VIEW TOO

REFERRING to the discussion in the Methodist Episcopal Church as to what to do with their Bishops, abolish them, limit their term of office to four or eight years, or keep them as at present for life, the *Congregationalist* says:

There might have been a time when the emergence of such an issue might have led to small sectarian crowing over the signs of increasing "Congregationalism." That day and that spirit have gone by—though our neighbor, the *Christian Register*, has been doing of late what looks very much like small sectarian crowing over the alleged "unitarianism" of Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts. As Congregationalists, and believers in full democracy in the Church, we have no such attitude toward our Methodist brethren.

We are less concerned about whether they should follow farther along our way than about their finding some adjustment and solution of their problems that will make their particular Christian life and witness most effective in the general task of Christendom.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

A Parable of the Procession of the Years

THERE was a day when the Year was drawing nigh unto its end when I sat at the end of the day, and Keturah sat with me. And we spake of the Year that was nigh unto its ending, and of the number of the Years that had increased since first we knew each other. And we thought of the Toils and the Troubles and the Things that had Gone Wrong. And we spake of the War and of our sons who went forth unto what we knew not, and how they came again, but how the thing for which they fought still lingered and came not upon earth.

And we called by name the friends who had died, and the friends who had gone afar, and the friends of whom we have no present knowledge. And we thought of many things.

And I said, Keturah, it is harder to look a New Year in the face when one hath taken a careful look at the backs of so many Old Years. For I have seen few Old Years which men did not kick off the back step and slam the back door, while they hasted to the front door to welcome in a Year that was no better when it grew old.

But Keturah said, It is even so; and I have never wished to live over any of the Years that are past. Nevertheless, I am glad of every one that I have lived, and I am thankful with each New Year that we still are living, and that we have courage and faith to face the unknown together.

And I said, Keturah, it is good to look back and to remember that among the many thousands of folk of all sorts and conditions that we have known, there have been few that wished to harm us, and many scores and even hundreds that would do us a kindness large or small. Yea, we have traveled together many years and in many lands, and have received few Curses and many Blessings, few Insults, and many Words of Gratitude.

So we spake unto each other, and we called to mind the names and the faces of our friends, near and far, living and dead, and we were thankful for the Blessings of the Years.

And I said, Keturah, I miss the brown Curls that thou didst possess when first thou camest down the Pike toward me, and the Gossiping Angels were peeking out of Heaven to see how I should fall for thee. Verily, thou wert fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners, and the Angels had no disappointment in the effect of thy vision upon me. But the grey hair is yet more beautiful, and the years that we live together grow better and better.

Now many other things we spake unto each other as we sat there together, on the Reviewing Stand of the New Year, and watched the procession of past Years receding and the dim Vision of Years to come, but what we said the one unto the other concerneth not any one of those who read this Parable. Save only that we face the Future with Undiminished Faith, and we wish unto all our friends a Happy New Year.

* * *

OUR MESSAGE

A Department for Now and Then Suggested by Dr. Bisbee

Eternal punishment is that kind which reaches the eternal part of you, and secures your obedience to the eternal right.

Full harmony with God is attained by no soul, so long as in any other soul there is discord.

Wm. H. McGlauflin.

* *

Hold fast to this—Life's morning ever breaks. Our direst calamity is but the forerunner of a new sunrise. If we do not see this, it is because of the mists that interpose between the soul and the light eternal. To the unclouded heart God's own glory ever shines—even through the leaden clouds just now suspended over earth's little day.

Oluf Tandberg.

* *

Orthodox religion says that because of Adam's sin all humanity is born in original sin and that at heart man is a brute. Universalism says that at heart humanity is sound, because it is rooted in its Divine Source, the God who is love. Our task is to turn our latent goodness into kinetic goodness; and we help or hinder evolution as we do our duty or slack. Our mental attitude decides our condition. The same group of signs can be read "God is nowhere" or "God is now here." The difference in reading makes the difference between hell and heaven.

Wenonah Stevens Abbott.

* *

While we can not say that the world is more churchly today, we can certainly say that it is more sensitive to injustice and inhumanity than ever before. There are more people thinking and working for a better and more equitable organization of life than in all history. In the modern discoveries of science we have all the materials and instrumentalities to make life happy

and creative for every child of man; all we lack is the collective Christian will to use them for that purpose. But that also is growing. As Jesus said, "The kingdom of God is in your midst." The reign of a better life has already begun. Taking the long view there is nothing wrong with the world: it grows better all the time as men realize their potentialities. The bricks of the Kingdom of God are lying around on every street corner; the only need is for laborers.

L. Griswold Williams.

* *

Are science and religion essentially the same? I believe they are. They are both seeking for that truth which means the best for man. Science seeks it in a mathematical way, religion in a super-ethical way. They are as the two sides of a triangle reaching toward the apex. They are both reaching toward God as He is to be found in all creation, in life—whether it be matter or spirit.

George Cross Baner.

* *

"Atonement" and "salvation" in their technical sense have nothing to do with true religion. We can preach Christianity best by leaving them out and by leaving out every other technical word. Christ's religion involves no system, or scheme. It looks simply for a fellowship with God and a co-operation with Him in advancing truth and righteousness.

Frank W. Whippen.

* *

As members of a Christian Church there are two commandments for us to keep:

1. To love the Lord, our God, with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our mind.

2. To love our neighbor as ourselves.

The people who truly keep the first commandment do not begrudge God one day, one hour a week. They gladly come to worship Him and to thank Him for His everlasting presence.

The people who keep the second commandment have no racial prejudices. They treat as a brother the Negro and the Jew. Their thoughts and in time of trouble their sympathy go out across the seas to all peoples. They can not even hate in time of war.

There are those who say Christianity has failed. They are wrong. It has never been tried. It is still an ideal unrealized by nations. Individuals first must attain unto it, then the churches they represent, the towns they live in, the nation they call their own, and finally all of God's world will arrive at the mark set by the carpenter's son of Nazareth.

Helene Ulrich.

* *

God has ordained that man help Him save the world—not a little of it, not a part of it, but all of it. From the shipwreck on the shores of Malta St. Paul sends a message to the twentieth century when he demands that the selfish sailors abide in the ship. Our world sails a stormy sea, waves of anarchy, winds of industrial discontent, billows of unbelief, threaten it with shipwreck. Selfish sailors on the ship of Church and State to-day would desert their trust that they might save themselves. St. Paul proclaimed that salvation comes through co-operation, that each must help the other. And if there be some who would desert their place of responsibility, the rest must see that for the sake of the common good, all are compelled to abide by the ship.

John Kimball.

* *

With the great association of forces which make up the person of God and which determine all destiny some tempers and attitudes fit and some do not. Some combinations produce happy results and some do not. There is an immutable law of combinations—a law of fits—a law of harmony. This law was not autocratically made but it autocratically works.

In these happy adjustments is the secret for which man hungers. Here is the goal of all religion. Here is the only highway to success. Here is life's luxury. Here is salvation.

The Church has no mission other than first to learn and then to teach the nature and results of harmony with the Infinite Person who is the sum total of all that makes up life.

James Vallentyne.

* *

A desire to achieve something worthwhile in the realm of the soul coupled with a willingness to work persistently for its accomplishment, lays the foundation of success. But this means our physical activities must be dominated and directed by a spiritual purpose. We must make the "one thing I do" embody the ideals and radiate the spirit of the Master. Then the *life* we live will give color and character to the institutions and the civilization that we build. We will then be co-operating with the indwelling God to transform the political kingdoms of this world into the spiritual kingdom of heaven. Brotherhood will then be established and each will see as he is seen, because all will be using God's search-light in their own souls. Our thought of God's Infinite Love should decorate our sky of aspiration with the stars of hope, produce that feeling of spiritual exuberance which enables us to put a new song in the heart of the world, and so direct us to the right performance of our duties to-day that individually and collectively we shall give spiritual momentum to the train of progress.

G. H. Ashworth.

* *

If the Roman Catholic Church were openly trying to do to-day what Mr. Bryan is trying to do—gain control of our schools and colleges and forbid them to teach modern science, or anything contrary to certain theological opinions, America would be in arms and Roman Catholic lives and property would be in danger.

If the Jews were imitating Mr. Bryan, and attempting to stifle our educational institutions in the interests of traditional Judaism, there would be danger of "pogroms" even in America. . . . It is time to banish a silly fear of what Catholics and Jews are alleged to be attempting and to face the real and imminent danger in what Bryan and his followers are actually doing.

Harry Adams Hersey.

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Our expanding knowledge of the inviolable laws of the physical universe impels us to seek earnestly for some equivalent understanding of what must be the natural laws of the spiritual world. The anguish and disorder of the world in these after-the-war times compel us to search for the key to heaven on earth. The Golden Rule of Christ is the Holy Grail of both quests. Real Christians of every name must commit themselves with profound earnestness to the supreme task of writing this law indelibly into the codes of classes and races and nations as well as on the foreheads and heart-tablets of all souls. We must!

Fred Atkins Moore.

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The test of a theology is its power to win souls. Our message should have the charm of the unexplored. The mystic drawing power of the "unsearchable riches," the passion of the "love that passeth understanding," the magnetic "hidden love—whose depth unfathomed no man knows" are futile discoveries, unless the winsomeness of zeal and sacrifice make the message greater than the preacher, and the hearer yearn for the unknown, or unexplored, goodness in human hearts.

Lucius R. Paige.

* *

The Universalist Church is composed of prophets rather than priests. This must be the fact because so many of our fellows believe we are mistaken. The millennialist believes that the world is going to perdition, the Universalist believes it is just coming out. Some believe that a wicked spirit is now ruling over the Universe. The Universalists believe there are many wicked spirits, but these can be cast out by the laying on of hands. In other words, there is no head devil of the universe. The fact of the matter is the Universalist is like Spinoza, "God intoxicated.' He can not see anything else but God or good, both in man and in the world of which he is a part. His faith is his fortune. He

follows the trail of the prophet, and never loses the beauty and wonder of his religion.

Thomas M. Murray.

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The world's greatest need is the acceptance and general application of the Universals given to the world through Christ. The message of the Universalist Church is the conviction laden evangel that these Universals will solve the world's problems whatever their nature. Faith that our message will work the charm the world awaits must first come to vexed humanity. Our message is to convince the reason that our faith is vital.

Charles E. Petty.

* * *

DOES MIGHT MAKE RIGHT?

Some time ago Lord Birkenhead drew a somewhat sharp distinction between the "first-rate minds" engaged in public life and the minds that are not first-rate. We fear the circumstances of the moment left little doubt that Mr. Baldwin was not given a first class, and also that the examiner conferred this distinction on himself. Lord Birkenhead has lately been working the claim that he so trenchantly pegged out, and his labor in the deep mines of thought has yielded what he yesterday certified to be "a true conception of Tory policy." He had already adjudged it, the day before, to contain "nothing which is not reasoned and philosophic truth." This philosophic statement of the Tory gospel, which, its author says, is shortly to be published in full, was first given to the world on November 7 at Glasgow. It was not really the happiest possible occasion for presenting "a true conception of Tory policy," for it was done in a rectorial address to a nonpolitical audience of students. But Lord Birkenhead does not stick at a trifle. Observe, for instance, the rejoinder he has made to a bishop who criticised the "true conception of Tory policy." Lord Birkenhead says that the bishop, when at Oxford, won a fellowship more by his muscles than by his brains. That is Lord Birkenhead's "reasoned and philosophic" way of meeting criticism.

When you look up this "true conception of Tory policy," you find it to be simply our old enemy the might-is-right materialism which turned the head of pre-war Germany. The core of it is a belief that man's baser part, the part that grabs what it can, submits to no code of religion or morals or any restraint except physical force, and kills freely in order to grab, is his stronger part and will and must always be so, and that the only true practical wisdom is to make and keep yourself always more ready to kill and take than your neighbors. Of course it is a very stale philosophy. It was brought out in defense of slavery—the slave was merely a man or woman who had failed in life and must pay the price of failure. It was no doubt widely held in the primitive periods when one man would kill another offhand in order to take a bit of food from him, and when a woman could not safely walk out of sight of her kraal. Those were the palmy days of this philosophy. All the successive stages of civilization have been progressive repudiations of it. They express the ever-growing feeling of mankind that it is too beastly to be true, and that human self-respect demands that it be more and more completely disowned. Christianity is, of course, its most thoroughgoing repudiation, but humanity's advancing sense of decency moves simultaneously along many different lines, and virtually every considerable moral effort made by the race rests on an implication that this philosophy of the fowl-run and the duck-pond is not good enough for human use. For more than a generation of great intellectual activity and moral stagnation it was cockered up in pre-war Prussia. The war itself, and Germany's preparations for it, were its most tremendous expression. That it was a false and base doctrine and that, if it had its way that time, all Europe would probably fall under it and be soiled and soured past all cleasning was the sincere belief that raised six million men of British nationality to fight Germany. Our enormous armies of non-professional soldiers were animated, more than by anything else, by downright sincere belief that, as the statesmen told them, theirs was a war to end war and to break the credit of the doctrine that might is right. Lord Birkenhead, apparently, can not understand that feeling of theirs. To him it is merely something to sneer at. He can only think of our million dead as "combatant animals" who were merely indulging a propensity which always has been and always shall be.

Of course the first fruit of this philosophy is a sneer at the League of Nations. It seems "fantastic" to Lord Birkenhead to suppose that any great nation would give up, in obedience to a judgment of the League of Nations, anything that it could keep with its own hand. He even works up a kind of sentimental fervor about this policy of hustle and grab; he calls it "marching with head erect and bright eyes" to an imperial destiny. The queerest thing of all is that for this mess of loose thinking and morbid gush he claims the authority of history, and suggests that it rests on a specially close and matter-of-fact observation of life. The truth, of course, is that mankind has never desisted from efforts, of one kind or another, to "move upward, working out the brute," and to bring this, that, or the other new ideal in to qualify the primitive foulness of mere physical struggle. Medieval chivalry, in spite of all its faults, was, from one point of view, an effort of the human spirit to affirm the duty of unforced obedience to certain ideals and to forego in certain cases an advantage in physical power. Among Afghan tribesmen, fighting against enormous odds on our Indian frontier, it is our common experience to find a chance of injuring an enemy given up out of loyalty to some standard of knightliness or sportsmanship which the philosophy of Nietzsche or of Lord Birkenhead would have to condemn. Among the few things which boys are taught thoroughly at English public schools one is the conviction that victories are not worth having unless they are won without ungenerosity. And these are only trifling instances of mankind's irresistible impulse to get away from the mere unqualified rule of brute force. Men crave to submit themselves to some control less mean than that. The craving issues, at long intervals, in some great religion that captivates a great part of the world. Even during those intervals it is perpetually issuing in minor enthusiasms of self-subjection to something other than physical force, to every description of generous cause or fanciful loyalty. For all his pride of realism Lord Birkenhead is fighting against human nature. The bishops and the great soldiers who have repudiated his doctrine as unworthy of spirited people know life better than he, whatever he may have to say about their fellowships or their commands. But what does the Tory party think? Will it "stand and be still to the Birkenhead drill?" Does it accept the "true conception of Tory policy?"—*Manchester Guardian.*

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SOME OF THE MORE ELEMENTARY BOOKS ON JESUS

A List Furnished by Professor Cadbury of Harvard

F. G. Peabody: "Jesus Christ and the Christian Character." Macmillan, New York. 1904.

N. Micklem: "The Galilean." Pilgrim Press, Boston. 1920.

F. C. Burkitt: "The Gospel History and Its Transmission." T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh. 1907.

T. R. Glover: "The Jesus of History." Association Press. 1917.

H. E. Fosdick: "The Manhood of the Master." Women's Press.

G. H. Gilbert: "Jesus." Macmillan, New York. 1912.

W. Bousset: "Jesus." 1904.

V. G. Simkhovitch: "Towards the Understanding of Jesus." Macmillan, New York. 1921.

G. Papini: "The Life of Christ," translated. 1923.

G. A. Barton: "Jesus of Nazareth." Macmillan, New York. 1922.

E. F. Scott: "The Kingdom and the Messiah." T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh. 1910.

O. Holtzmann: "Life of Christ." A. & C. Black, London. 1904.

S. Dickey: "The Constructive Revolution of Jesus." Doran, New York. 1923.

Home and Children

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

"He was a friend to man and lived in a house by the side of the road."

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran;—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I,
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan;—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of weariscme heights;
That the road passses on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice.
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Sam Walter Foss.

* * *

WHY SAMMY SQUIRREL SAVED

LITTLE Sammy Squirrel knew that summer had slipped away, for now the mornings were cool and crisp. Jack Frost had made more than one visit to the woods, painting colors of red and gold on the leaves as he passed.

Sammy had spent the long, glad summer days in happy play in the treetops, where, swayed by gentle breezes, he had watched the fleecy clouds go sailing by. Now the mornings were so cool that Sammy shivered. His mother noticed and said:

"You are getting to be a big Squirrel now, Sammy, and you must help gather nuts for the winter; the work will keep you nice and warm."

But Sammy did not see the need of this.

"Mother, what's the use of all this work, saving up, when the ground in the woods is covered with nuts? All we have to do when we are hungry is to eat all we want and spend the rest of the time in play. It's a lot of work to fill that old storehouse."

"Yes, I understand the way you look at it; you had an Uncle Jim who was just like you, and your Uncle Bill was another who thought the same way."

"Uncle Jim and Uncle Bill," said Sammy. "I never knew I had an Uncle Jim or Uncle Bill."

"No," his mother answered, "it was all very sad, and we had no reason to be proud of the way they acted."

"What did they do, mother?" asked the little Squirrel, all curiosity.

"Well, Sammy, I'll tell you the story. It's not very long. Your uncles felt as you do, that it was silly to work; and your grandfather told them if they did not work they could not have anything to eat out of the storehouse when winter came. So Jim and Bill ran away from home, shouting: 'We are going to enjoy life; we are not going to waste our time working!'

"Well, winter came on early that year—deep snows, and the trees covered with ice—so that any Squirrel who had not saved any nuts for the winter was soon in danger of starving. The nuts were buried deep beneath the snows, and the buds on the trees that Squirrels love to eat were encased in ice.

"We all went out looking for your uncles, carrying food, but we could not find any sign of them, until we asked a Blue Jay that we met a long, long way from our house.

" 'Yes,' the Blue Jay said. 'They used to live over in that big oak, but I have not seen them for some time. They were always digging in the snow, but I never saw them find anything.'

"We thanked Mr. Jay and scampered over to the oak." Mrs. Squirrel wiped her eyes and continued:

"We found your Uncle Jim and your Uncle Bill, Sammy, but they had died of starvation, because they were too lazy to save any food when they had the chance. Now, Sammy, do you want to help mother fill this basket with nuts?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" Sammy fairly chattered in his eagerness.

"I thought you would, Sammy; you are a bright little Squirrel."

So they tramped through the beautiful woods to fill their basket. When they came to a nut tree Sammy would climb up and pick off the nuts that the frost had not touched hard enough to make fall. He would throw them down into the basket which his mother was holding up to him, and in a very little while they had filled the basket and the bag they had brought, and carried them into their storehouse for the winter.

Day after day they worked until every bin was full, and Sammy kept saying:

"Why, mother, this is more sport to work and save than it is to play. I love to see the bins fill up."

It all came back to Sammy, the sad story of

his Uncle Bill and his Uncle Jim, when one morning he looked out on a fierce blizzard. The snow was whirling and sweeping through the woods, the great trees were groaning and bending before the fury of the storm.

"Well," said the little Squirrel, "I can see where I would be hungry if I had to find my dinner out in all that storm. And it was fun, saving up, too." —*H. Boylston Dummer, in Congregationalist.*

* * *

THE LAPPS

Only now and then does the world hear of the Lapps, those queer little folk who live under the rays of the Midnight Sun and the darkness of the winter midday. There was a reminder of their existence recently when one of their spokesmen visited the King of Sweden to complain that Swedish frontiersmen threaten the existence of his people by interfering with pasturage for their reindeer.

The Lapps are bred-in-the-bone internationalists. Like the Papago Indians of Arizona and Mexico and the forest dwellers along the Brazilian-Peruvian line, they have a lofty disregard for political boundaries; they not only cross as they see fit, but take great herds of reindeer with them, pasturing them to-day in Sweden and to-morrow in Norway with scant ceremony.

The Lapland of the maps spreads into four distinct countries: Norway, Sweden, Finland and Russia. Once the Lapps paid no attention whatever to any of the boundary lines in their region. But Russian and Finnish boundaries were eventually closed officially against Norway and Sweden; and while some straggling still takes place, the larger movements were stopped. Norway and Sweden, however, take official cognizance of the needs of their nomadic joint-citizens, and have a treaty agreement whereby Lapps may cross from Sweden in summer and move to Norway's northwest coast, and in the winter may cross from Norway to inland Sweden.

Aside from the real dwarf peoples, such as the pygmies of central Africa, the Lapps are the smallest people in the Eastern Hemisphere. Their average height is in the neighborhood of four feet, seven inches—a physical condition ascribed to the age-long wanderings of their ancestors in the frozen, cheerless region of the north. It has even been suggested that the Lapps were the first inhabitants of the frozen zone after the great glacial sheet of the Ice Age receded and made Northern Europe habitable. Many centuries ago they are supposed to have lived throughout the Scandinavian peninsula, but with the arrival of other peoples they were forced farther north.

The reindeer is the typical animal of Lapland, and about it their life has centered for ages. It carries them upon its back and draws their loads, gives them milk and cheese and meat for food, clothes them with its skins, and furnishes materials for implements and utensils from its bones. The typical life of a Laplander has ever been that of a nomadic herder, living in tents and following his herds to new locations when seasonal changes and pasturage necessities dictated.

The Lapps have been decreasing in numbers in late years, and "Lapland" is now far from being a land peopled predominantly by Lapps, and still less by Lapp nomads. In Swedish Lapland, for example, only about seven per cent of the inhabitants are Lapps. It is the pushing in of a more settled people that has made life so hard for the roving aborigines. And there has been a desertion of nomadism by some Lapps. Where once "Lap" and "reindeer herdsman" were synonymous, there are now numerous settled, agricultural Lapps, and others who fish for a living. Some have turned miner in the rich iron fields of Swedish Lapland.

Christianity was taken to the Lapps only in the last few centuries and there are observers who still question whether their somewhat confused religious ideas are more strongly marked by Christian or pagan practises. The Russian Lapps especially seem to insist on thoroughgoing pragmatism in their religion. It is told of those along the Arctic coast that they make offerings at the shrine of Boris Glob when starting on a fishing expedition, and that if they are unsuccessful they straightway retrieve their offerings! These same Russian Lapps, up to a few decades ago, preferred to steal their brides from an enemy or a stranger rather than to obtain them by purchase or persuasion.

The United States is largely indebted to Lapps for an important and rapidly growing industry. The first efforts to introduce reindeer into Alaska were not very successful because of a lack of expert knowledge of breeding and herd management. Several score Lapps were induced to go to Alaska to take charge of the enterprise in 1898, and their skill gave reindeer raising there a great impetus. The natives learned from the Lapps, and now hundreds of thousands of reindeer in Alaska are turning otherwise useless moss into food and clothing materials for the Territory and "the States" as well.—*From a Bulletin issued by the National Geographic Society.*

* * *

POWER AND MAJORITIES

"There ought to be a law against it!" is an expression too frequently heard. So long as it is understood to mean nothing more than "Such a thing ought not to be done," it can do no great harm. It is merely one way of expressing disapproval of what some one else is doing. But when voters and lawmakers take it literally and try to legislate against everything that any of them dislike they are certain to do a great deal of harm. He who happens to be in a minority on any question that affects his liberty will then find himself controlled by an unrestrained majority. Any citizen is liable to be forbidden to say or do something that does not happen to please the majority. Freedom of speech, freedom of consumption and freedom of business can not long survive in such conditions.

In a democracy the majority has unlimited power—no monarch ever had greater; and as in a monarchy so in a democracy a constitution may place obstacles in the way of an abuse of power; but the obstacles are not insurmountable, and a determined majority may disregard or remove them. At most they can do no more than compel a majority to go slow. If it were not for provisions in our Federal and state constitutions, the majority could curb freedom of speech and of the press and even disfranchise the minority as easily as it can regulate trade and commerce. Revolutionaries who would overthrow the Government and the Constitution should ponder that. If it were not for that safeguard and the temperate use of power by majorities, the revolutionaries would not be allowed even to speak in public, nor, for that matter, would any other unpopular minority. But better even than written constitutions are the spirit of reasonableness and the habitual self-restraint of the people, for they lead majorities to use their power temperately.

One of the best safeguards against the intemperate use of power is the prudent habit of counting the cost of every proposed undertaking. The cost of the Government's repressing anything, especially anything that has earnest support, is so great and so far-reaching that the prudent citizen will not favor it unless the evil to be repressed is so definite and so great as to make it a matter of necessity to crush it. Repression requires the use of physical force, spying and arbitrary rules that work hardship to the innocent as well as to the guilty. Of course, when the citizen has carefully calculated the cost and voted to repress a given abuse, he ought to bear his share of the cost and not try to shirk it, even though it leave its marks on his body.

To say that it may not pay to do a thing is not the same as saying that it is not desirable that the thing be done. It may mean only that it is not worth what it will cost. That test should be applied to every problem of government regulation or repression. The opponent of any piece of government regulation is too often accused of believing that everything is working perfectly or that there is no need of a change. He may be merely the prudent man who counts the cost while his accusers are determined to get what they want regardless of cost.—*Youth's Companion.*

Young People's Christian Union

50 PER CENT EFFICIENCY

In one of our very active churches, where every part of the work is showing satisfactory progress, and where the need of a new church is being discussed because the old one is too small and inadequate, four young people were received into membership last Easter. By this act they expressed their loyalty to the church and, presumably, their desire to serve in it or through it.

To-day, one of them, a young man, is the assistant superintendent of the Sunday school and showing marked ability in the position. Another, a young lady, is a teacher in the junior department of the school and superintendent of the Junior Y. P. C. U. Neither of the other two young people is in any official position in the church or any of its auxiliaries. This represents only 50 per cent efficiency.

Making a Job for Yourself

But even this semi-efficiency is rather the result of good fortune; it was not definitely planned or even expected. In the Sunday school class to which the young man belonged certain difficulties had arisen, due chiefly to too great difference in age among its members. He wrote a letter to the Sunday school board of management which set forth the conditions that existed and which showed such careful thought, keen analysis and clear statement, that not only was the situation in the class greatly improved, but the young man himself was revealed as the one for the position he now fills for which the right man had been sought for a year or more. The point is that he was not discovered; he revealed himself.

The young lady belonged to another class in which objection was raised when any of its members were called upon to act as substitute teachers. But one Sunday this could not be avoided, and she supplied the vacancy so successfully that she revealed herself as just the one to teach a class of junior girls whose teacher had resigned. A few weeks later her girls said they wanted a Junior Union, and she invited them and others of junior age to come to the church that afternoon. The Union was organized and is gradually finding itself and doing better and better work.

No one knows that the other two young people are not as capable as these. They may be just the ones needed for other tasks, who have had no opportunity to show what they can do.

Doing It Right

Perhaps the fact that the church in question was without a pastor at the time these young people came into its membership accounts for the fact that only 50 per cent efficiency has been attained, and that fortuitously rather than purposely. But I have known of other churches with ministers that did not put their new members to work, and then complained because they gradually—or suddenly—lost their interest.

The right way would be for the church cabinet, or other body consisting of representatives of all the church organizations, to consider the case of each new member, particularly the young people, and assign him to, or help him to find, the place in which he could serve with the greatest success and satisfaction. This might require personal conference and perhaps experiment, but it can be done. Every member of the church who is not at work at some definitely Christian task, either in the church or outside, is an example of inefficiency in the organization. My brethren, these things ought not so to be.

As one incidental but important result of such a policy, there would soon be a keener appreciation of the meaning of church membership; we should have fewer members who are merely names upon our books, or more or less absorbent occupiers of the pews on Sunday, whose church membership is in a state of suspended animation from twelve o'clock noon one Sunday until ten-thirty the following Sunday morning.

Begin the New Year Right

On Young People's Day, January 27, there will doubtless be many young people received into the membership of our churches. Don't wait until they find places of service for themselves or force themselves upon your attention with their abilities and enthusiasm. Begin the new year right by helping every one to the position in which his Christian consecration will count for the most. Expect great things of them. More young people have been discouraged because their elders have underestimated their capacities than have been overburdened with duties too onerous.

Sometime we shall recognize the fact that the Church is not a company of the elect, whether by divine fiat or personal achievement, but a company in the army of the Kingdom, whose every member is enlisted, not for safety but for sacrifice, not for social satisfaction, but for social service. And then the Church will grow in power, whatever may happen to its statistics, and then fifty per cent efficiency, which is far above the average at present, will no longer satisfy us.

Stanley Manning.

On train in New York, Dec. 26.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

PILGRIMS AMONG THE PINES

Happy New Year, Mrs. Stoner—up in Maine we have five additional Home Departments! Miss Slaughter and I found the workers particularly responsive to our suggestion that the gospel ought to be taken to those who are not able to attend Sunday school and get it. Waterville, Lewiston, East Dixfield, Auburn and Portland, All Souls, definitely decided to have Home Departments and secured, or nearly secured, their leaders, while other schools are very likely to take similar action.

My new associate and I went up to the Pine Tree State to wish our friends a Merry Christmas, to offer them gifts of all our resources and to prophesy for them a new year of great success and joy. What genial people we found! How well they treated us and with what respectful attention they honored us!

Our impression is that the Universalist Sunday schools in Maine are making very encouraging progress. In only a single case did we hear of a falling off in membership and attendance, and there is every reason to believe that in that one school (which is blessed with a first-class superintendent) the losses will give place to decided gains.

Our first stop was at Bangor, where an eager congregation responds each week when the beautiful chimes call to worship. Rev. Ashley Smith may well be proud of his church and the people who fill it. "Fill?" Yes, the word is accurate. It surely seemed like carrying coals to Newcastle to go with either exhortation or counsel to Bangor, where we have our largest Sunday school, and where eager and efficient officers and teachers are constantly at work; yet it usually happens that visitors are most cordially welcomed by those who already are proficient. "S. R. O."—Standing Room Only! There is a current opinion that only cheap theaters need to make that announcement; but at the Bangor Sunday school every seat was taken and men and women were standing in every possible space. "Men?" Yes, that word is also correct.

At Waterville my loved college-mate and room-mate, Dr. Fred E. Wheeler, is putting life and power into the Sunday school. Under his vigorous superintendency, it is growing apace. He has the knack of doing things and of getting his associates to do them. It was a joy to shake the hand of Rev. Charles A. Knickerbocker, one of our ablest preachers, and to find that he was making good recovery from his recent serious operation.

The beautiful parsonage at Dexter had two dining-rooms the night that we were there and both were filled with Sunday

school enthusiasts. Rev. William A. Garner, from the South and from the West, has ventured into Maine, much to the satisfaction of all concerned. He is a Jehu in an automobile and no doubt he will show equal vigor and skill in driving his church and Sunday school. He has a fine-looking young man for his new superintendent.

Pittsfield has one of the most attractive and commodious churches to be found in any town of its size, evidence of the industry and popularity of Dr. Coons in his early parish. The Sunday school work is ably led by Miss Florence Buxton, a devoted Universalist young woman of the highest type. She receives much good support and deserves more. It is safe to prophesy that she will get it. There are good cooks in Pittsfield, Miss Buxton herself being one of them. Rev. Mr. Cann, the new pastor, is a recent addition to our ministry, having come to us from the Baptist Church, and gives promise of successful leadership.

The Oakland church has a long and most honorable history. It is now taking on a new vitality, partly because of the efficient work of Rev. Milton C. Bennett, the blind pastor, partly because of the delightful assistance given by his loyal wife, and partly because of the activity of an especially fine group of laymen and laywomen. Our conference, held in the parish house, was a long one and, I hope, a profitable one. The Sunday school is increasing.

On Friday Miss Slaughter and I parted company, she going up to East Dixfield, where she spoke, told stories and made good offers to an audience which held every member but one in the Sunday school, while I went to Lewiston, just now in search of a pastor, and met with a band of zealous officers and teachers.

Our second Sunday was in Auburn, where our state president, Rev. Roderick J. Mooney, D. D., has been doing a constructive work. At the noon-day session demonstrations in pageantry were given for our benefit. Mr. F. Homer Fletcher, the new superintendent, was a Waltham boy. He gives himself whole-heartedly to his task and is ably supported by a fine company of officers and teachers.

At Yarmouth, where we spent Monday afternoon, Rev. C. L. Eaton is pastor of the combined Universalist and Unitarian churches. The membership of his school is augmented by an interesting group of orphan childrn who have found homes in the community. There is a spirit of progress in the parish. Any school under Mr. Eaton's direction is certain to do as good work as circumstances will permit.

It is always a joy to get to Portland and to grasp the hands of the friendly people from our various churches. Sixty of the most friendly ones gathered around the table at All Souls for our final conference. Miss Lora French, the new superintendent of the All Souls Sunday school, presided gracefully, declaring her belief that the cause was prospering in Portland and indeed throughout the state. She ought to know, for her sister, Miss Florence French, is state secretary, and one of the best state officers that we have in our Church. The Portland people are good listeners and good questioners—therefore the meeting was a happy climax for our trip.

Many friends are asking about the young Southern woman who took this long journey into the Northern winter. She has now served her apprenticeship and in January will start out for an independent trip in northern New York. Her fitness for our task is becoming more and more apparent. In parishes large and small she adapts herself with remarkable versatility to the local needs, never failing to win the admiration and good-will of her hearers. Miss Mary Slaughter is to be vastly useful to the Sunday schools of the Universalist Church.

The Wanderer.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, Ohio

PEACE ON EARTH

From time immemorial, the mothers of the world, those who have learned by their own glorious experience the infinite value of human life, have yearned and prayed and striven for the consummation of the gospel of Jesus, "Peace on earth! Good will to men!" How better could we, the missionary women of America, begin our New Year than by a consecration of ourselves to the task to which our dear Mrs. Peabody of Northfield renown is summoning the women of the world, a united effort toward the achievement of world peace.

To prepare our minds for this great aim, let us read in all our Circles Angela Morgan's beautiful poem "The Battle Cry of the Mothers," part of which is below.

Bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh,
Fruit of our age-long mother pain,
They have caught your life in the nations' mesh,
They have bargained you out for their paltry gain,
And they build their hope on the shattered breast
Of the child we sang to rest.
On the shattered breast and the wounded cheek—
O God! if the mothers could only speak!—
Blossom of centuries trampled down
For the moment's red renown.

Pulse of our pulse, breath of our breath,
Hope of the pang that brought to birth,
They have flung you forth to the fiends of death,
They have cast your flesh to the cruel earth,
They are killing the thing we cherish most,
They are driving you forth in a blinding host,
They are storming the world with your eager strength—
But the judgment comes at length.

Emperors! Kings! On your heedless throne,
Do you hear the cry that the mothers make?
The blood you shed is our own, our own,
You shall answer for our sake.
When you pierce his side you have pierced our side—
O mothers! the ages we have cried!—
And the shell that sunders his flesh apart
Enters our bleeding heart.

Governors! Ministers! You who prate
That war and ravage and wreck must be
To save the nation, avenge the state,
To right men's wrongs and set them free—
You who have said blood must be shed
Nor reckoned the cost of our agony—
Answer us now! Down the ages long
Who has righted the mothers' wrong?

Bravely through centuries we have borne
And suffered and wept in our secret place,
But now our silence and shame are past,
The reckoning day has come at last—
We must arise! We must plead for the race!
You who behold the mothers' plight,
Will you join our battle cry with might,
Will you fight the mothers' fight?

We who have given the soldiers birth,
Let us fling our cry to the ends of the earth,
To the ends of time let our voice be hurled
Till it waken a sleeping world.
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
Toil of the centuries come to speech—
As far as the human voice can reach
We will shout, we will plead for our own!

Warriors! Counselors! Men at arms!
You who have gloried in war's alarms,
When the great rebellion comes
You shall hear the beat of our marching feet
And the sound of our million drums,
You shall know that the world is at last awake—
You shall hear the cry that the mothers make—
You shall yield—for the mothers' sake!

Mrs. Cate tells us that the most important thing that our missionaries or any one else can do for Japan this year is to teach the people of America the *truth* about Jpaan. That at least we can do here at home and *now*, by studying and teaching and reading more earnestly than ever before the mission study books of the year—and who shall say we have not contributed our *might* toward the achievement of Peace on Earth?

Maude Lyon Cary.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

PERSONALS

Rev. Fred Leining of Providence, referring to the recent attack upon President Faunce of Brown University by Dr. Thomas Shields of Toronto, in which Dr. Shields spoke of the university president as "a religious cuckoo that should no longer foul the Baptist nest," preached a sermon recently in defense of Dr. Faunce entitled "What shall be done with the Religious Cuckoos?"

Rev. Norman Dewey Fletcher of St. Lawrence University has accepted a call from our church at Haverhill, Mass. Mr. Fletcher is an Ayer, Mass., boy, raised in a Unitarian environment, who has made a fine record in college and theological school. During the past year he had charge of Dr. Reed's large church at Watertown, N. Y.

Rev. Charles Kramer, for the past eight years pastor of the Universalist church at Cooperstown, has accepted a call to Bridgeport, Conn., and will begin his new duties Jan. 6. Mr. Kramer was born in Pennsylvania in 1875, and is a graduate of Lombard College and the Ryder Divinity School. He was ordained to the ministry in 1903.

Illinois

Hoopeston.—Rev. C. A. Polson, pastor. At our last Comrades meeting fifty-two men were present. At the annual meeting Dec. 18, Mr. Polson was given an increase of $300 in salary for the coming year. At the Christmas entertainment Sunday evening, Dec. 23, $85 was taken up as an offering for Near East Relief.

Hutsonville.—This parish recently held a bazar that netted over $400. The Mission Circle has contributed to the church building, now in process of erection, more than $2,000, and has made a good start toward another $2,000. Owing to the condition of the old building, services will be suspended during January and February.

Rose Hill.—This parish resumed services Dec. 16. One member was added to the church. They are expecting a visit from the Mid-West Superintendent in January.

Casey.—This parish, recently revived, reports a steady increase in interest.

Beecher City.—Rev. M. M. Hicks held a series of meetings here recently. The weather was very rainy and the roads almost impassable, but the interest shown was satisfactory. The trustees have been instructed to secure regular services.

Indiana

Muncie.—Rev. Harry Adams Hersey, pastor. On Christmas Sunday the pastor preached a sermon on the subject "The Pre-eminent Name." In addition to the special Christmas music by the organist, Miss Eleanor Smith, and by Mr. and Mrs. E. Kinney Miller, the service was enriched by a violin solo by Carl Grouleff, of Greensburg, Ind., son of Mrs. Fritz Grouleff, a non-resident member of St. John's Church, who was in the city for the holidays.

Maine

Auburn.—Rev. Roderick J. Mooney, D. D., pastor. The Christmas sales of this parish were very successful and a goodly sum was added to the treasury of the various societies interested in the affair. We had the pleasure of a visit from Dr. Huntley, who preached for us, and then with his assistant visited the Sunday school, just to see the lines of our work. We are doing some very instructive work through the pageant. Two very short pageants were put on. The one, which had been planned by one of our teachers, was a simply charming presentation of the hymn "Holy Night," by fifteen little girls; the other was a setting of the hymn, "There were ninety and nine," which was also arranged by one of our teachers. Dr. Huntley conducted a very interesting and instructive conference with the teachers in the evening. Our Christmas services were conducted on the twenty-third. The singing was of an exceptionally high order. One person was admitted to the church at the morning services. The vesper services attracted a goodly congregation. Much is being done in this parish for the children. A banquet was given them by the Sunday school on Friday night, when the Sunday school children assembled around the tables and were waited on by the pastor's class, known as the "Pathfinders." After the banquet all kinds of games and stunts were indulged in, during which a splendidly loaded Christmas tree attracted the attention of all. In the kindergarten room was another Christmas tree for "white gifts" for other children. Lots of presents were placed upon it and all were taken to a children's home in Lewiston. On Sunday during the Sunday school hour Mr. F. Homer Fletcher, our superintendent, delivered a very interesting illustrated lecture on the Child Jesus which was greatly enjoyed by all.

Massachusetts

Norwood.—Rev. Frederick S. Walker, pastor. The Christmas spirit found expression in all the activities of the various organizations connected with our church. The Mission Circle sent greetings to our foreign missionaries, and to our workers in our Southern fields. The Social Circle, the Unity Circle, and the King's Daughters sent greetings, flowers and gifts to the sick and shut-ins. At the twilight hour on Christmas eve the Camp-fire Girls sang carols in localities where those who were not able to go among their fellow men could enjoy nevertheless something of the Christmas cheer. The Boy Scouts provided a banquet and presented their Scoutmaster with a Scout watch. On one afternoon the members of the Cradle Roll and Kindergarten Departments gathered in the vestry and plainly showed their delight at the presence of Santa Claus and the beautiful tree. At the Christmas party for the older children the arrival of Santa Claus was preceded by an entertainment of recitations and songs and a beautiful Christmas story read by Mrs. Lillian Carter. On Christmas Sunday the morning service opened by the vested choir singing in an adjoining room a group of favorite carols. The sermon emphasized the meaning of the season and the importance of living the Christian spirit throughout the entire year. Despite the rain practically every member of the Sunday school was present at 12 o'clock. The Christmas lesson was read, and after the devotional services all departments came together to witness the presentation of the Christmas stories by lantern slides, and this proved most interesting and helpful and served to give color and charm to the stories. Pictures of the Near East sufferers were also thrown upon the screen, and the offering of the Sunday school for Near East Relief was received. The Y. P. C. U. held a candlelight service in the parlor before the open fireplace in which logs were blazing. This was a most impressive hour and was well attended.

Brookline.—Rev. Fred A. Moore, pastor. The Sunday school gave its annual Christmas party to a group of poor children from Boston on Saturday evening, Dec. 22. There was a tree gaily decorated, and Santa Claus himself gave out the presents. Each child had several gifts, including a doll and a necklace for each little girl, a warm knitted cap for each boy and a scarf for each of the girls. Ice cream and cake were served, and a short entertainment was given by the children of the Sunday school. So many people gave money for the expenses of the party that it cost the Sunday school very little.

North Orange.—A reception was given to the new pastor, Rev. C. F. McIntire, in the parish hall, Wednesday evening, Dec. 19. Rev. A. A. Blair, pastor of the Orange parish, gave an interesting address. Remarks were also made by the pastor. A pleasing musical program was rendered after which refreshments were served. More than thirty names are to be presented for membership at the next annual parish meeting. At the union Christmas tree exercises, Wednesday evening, the play, "The Christmas Stocking," was presented by the members of the Sunday school. Baskets of candy and fruit were sent to those who by reason of infirmity or sickness were not able to be present.

Maryland

Baltimore.—Rev. Hal T. Kearns, pastor. Our Christmas service was splendid, fine music, large congregation, splendid fellowship. Our Sunday school Christmas party on Dec. 28 was no less a success. As a result of a fellowship supper given by Mr. Kearns to the men of the church, our Men's Club has been organized with a membership of forty. Its first task will be to raise funds for the rebuilding of our church in Tokyo. Our annual financial canvass on Dec. 9 was a great success. As a result we shall be able to carry on a much larger program during 1924. Our annual fellowship supper on Jan. 9 promises to be a great occasion. Mr. Kearns has already worked out a splendid program as a part of the Christ Crusade, which includes special services both morning and evening from Feb. 1 to Easter. This will be supplemented with a systematic campaign for new church members and a training class in church membership during Lent.

New York

Whitesville.—Rev. W. E. M. Todd, pastor. The minister gave the high school baccalaureate address, and was called into three states for similar work. He also had the union G. A. R. Memorial sermon at Whitesville, the union Chautauqua summer sermon, the union Armistice Day address, and the union Thanksgiving sermon. Part of these special-day gatherings were held in the Universalist church and the congregations have filled the house. The ladies' monthly suppers, their annual chicken-pie supper, the men's annual supper and the ladies' annual sale, each supplemented with an excellent form of evening entertainment, have been affairs actively calling public attention to their work. A well organized dramatic club gives an occasional good play and in October the church inaugurated an automobile Sunday and with quite a string of cars spent the day with the historic society in the beautiful little city of Friendship, and after worship in their little gem of a church all had dinner together in the G. A. R. Hall. The church there will doubtless open again for regular work in January, 1924, with the Whitesville pastor and wife alternating for the Sunday services. There have been baptisms and additions. There is a regular choir of twelve to sixteen good voices and the great days on the church calendar—Christmas and Easter—have been fittingly observed with sermon, cantata and drama. The minister is a Mason, and an Odd Fellow, is active with the Military Order of the Realm, a founder of the American's Creed Fellowship, and is invited to speak in the surrounding towns. Mrs. Todd acceptably takes the Sunday service when the Doctor is necessarily at some other point, is supply teacher in the high school and active in the Civic Club. A recent visit to the parish by Rev. Stanley Manning, a valued personal friend, helped to inspire the work.

Albion.—Rev. L. H. Robinson, pastor. Our annual fair and turkey dinner was held Nov. 27 and met with its usual popularity. Rev. R. L. Brooks, of Texas, came to us the evening of Nov. 11 and told of his missionary endeavors. Our pastor attended both State and General Conventions. The Ladies' Aid and Mission Circle recently held a rummage sale with good results. Mrs. Ethel Freeman Nickelsen, a former pupil in our Sunday school, occupied the pulpit the morning of Dec. 9. Her earnest message had an impressive effect on the congregation. A Christmas program of songs and recitations was given in the Sunday school at the usual lesson hour, the Sunday before Christmas. The evening orchestra concert of Christmas music was a rare treat.

Ohio

Eldorado.—Rev. Thomas Murray, pastor. We held a series of meetings beginning on Monday night, Nov. 26, and closing Sunday night, Dec. 2. Mr. Murray did all the preaching and he and rs. Helen Blackford Brown furnished the special music. Three members were received. On Sunday night, Nov. 25, Mrs. Anna Keirn, widow of Dr. G. I. Keirn, gave an interesting and instructive talk to a large congregation. The younger members of the Sunday school gave a short Christmas program at the Sunday school hour Dec. 23 and received their usual treat.

Vermont

Brattleboro.—Rev. E. P. Wood, pastor. The church and parish activities manifest the success of the federation of Universalist and Unitarian churches in Brattleboro. Mrs. Wallace Cate was the speaker at a recent Union Mission Meeting held by the local Circle. The Unity (Men's) Club held a meeting in December, with an attendance of seventy-five. The speaker was Mr. Carter of Manchester, N. H., representing R. G. Dunn & Co. His topic was "The Eyes of the Mercantile Agency." Christmas service was held in the morning of Dec. 23 with the largest attendance in recent years. A vesper service was held at 5 o'clock, the special feature being the singing of carols by the young ladies of the vested choir. The Y. P. C. U. held a candle-light service at 7.30. Several classes of the Sunday school have held social meetings during the holidays. The pastor will give a series of illustrated lectures on Sunday evenings during the winter.

* *

THE REAL FUNDAMENTALS

The Community Church of New York will have a special series of Sunday afternoon services at which "The Real Fundamentals of Religion" will be discussed, according to an announcement by the ministers, Rev. John Haynes Holmes and Rev. John Herman Randall. The meetings will begin on Jan. 6 at 4 p. m., and continue every Sunday until Easter.

The speakers will include two Episcopalians, Rev. Dr. Guthrie and Rev. Dr. J. Howard Mellish of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, leaders of the Modernist group, and three Presbyterians, Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, who will start the series, Rev. Dr. Arthur P. McGiffert, president of Union Theological Seminary, and Prof. George P. Fagnani. Other speakers will be Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, chairman of the International Committee of the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches; Rev. Dr. Charles S. MacFarland, secretary of the Federal Council of Churches; Rev. Henry E. Cobb of the Dutch Reformed Church; Rev. Dr. Alfred W. Martin of the Ethical Culture Society and Rev. Charles F. Potter of the West Side Unitarian Church.

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1923

Previously reported	1,624
Chattanooga, Tenn.	5
Eldorado, O.,	3
Total	1,632

* *

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 811. Chattanooga, Tenn., 5. Total, 816.

* *

FOR FRIENDS OF THE CLARA BARTON HOME

The birthplace of James Fenimore Cooper has been saved by the Burlington (N. J.) County Historial Society, and has recently been dedicated as a shrine. It was built in 1789, the year of the famous novelist's birth, and is in a remarkable state of preservation. Round about the quaint rooms are mementos of the days that Cooper made so memorable; a portion of his library, his writing desk, his chair and the bellows that stood by the fireplace are among the relics. Cooper's descendants from Cooperstown, N. Y., where he spent most of his writing days, took a prominent part in the dedication ceremonies.

Notices

MASSACHUSETTS UNIVERSALIST COMRADES

The annual banquet of the State Chapter will be held at the Boston City Club on Feb. 29, 1924, 6.30 p. m. Mr. Joe Chapple, the popular lecturer, and our own Dr. van Schaick have been secured as speakers. This should be our greatest get-together as Comrades. All local Chapters and Men's Clubs are requested to mark their calendars *now*.

James D. Tillinghast, Secretary.

* *

MASSACHUSETTS W. U. M. S.

A Public Meeting under auspices of the W. U. M. S. of Massachusetts will be held in the Universalist Church, Brockton, Thursday, Feb. 7, 1924.

* *

LEADERS WANTED

A few copies of the *Leader* of Dec. 1 are desired at the Publishing House.

DOOLITTLE UNIVERSALIST HOME FOR AGED PERSONS, INC.

The annual meeting of the Corporation will be held at the Home in Foxborough, Mass., on Wednesday, Jan. 16, 1924, at 2 p. m. Each member of the Corporation shall be entitled to one vote either in person or by proxy, provided his dues are paid in full to the date of said meeting. At this meeting ten members shall constitute a quorum.

Leroy W. Coons, Clerk.

* *

COMMUNION SET

A trustee of a church which disbanded some time since has a Communion Set which he will gladly present to some active church in need of one. If your church can use it, write to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston. Mass.

Obituary

Mrs. Rhoda G. Lawhon

Mrs. Rhoda G. Lawhon, wife of W. E. Lawhon, died Dec. 14, at her home in McDade, Texas, following an illness of several weeks. Her age was forty-four years, eleven months and fifteen days. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. R. L. Brooks and Dorcas Chapter No. 241 O. E. S., Elgin.

Mrs. Lawhon was Rhoda G. Dunbar, daughter of Rev. J. S. Dunbar, our well beloved and venerable Universalist preacher, who has served our Church nearly half a century. She has been a member of the Universalist church for a number of years, having all the while lived true to her faith. She was also a member of the O. E. S. in which she had held positions of rank.

She is survived by her husband, a son and daughter and one step-son and three step-daughters.

Ellie R. Jenkins

Ellie R. Jenkins, daughter of the late Gideon and Catharine Jenkins, died suddenly at her home, 30 Dearborn Street, Boston, Mass., Nov. 4, 1923. She was a member of the First Universalist Society of Roxbury, and an early graduate of Dean Academy. Miss Jenkins was a direct descendant of Richard Warren, who was a passenger on the Mayflower, and of the same lineage as Abraham Lincoln. She is survived by two sisters, Ida G. Jenkins and Mrs. E. M. Spooner.

Her burial was in Forest Hills Cemetery, Roxbury.

Margaret Bolles

Margaret Bolles, daughter of the late Dr. E. C. Bolles of Tufts College, died Monday, Dec. 24, at Arlington Hospital after a brief illness. Funeral services were held in Goddard Chapel, Tufts College, Dec. 26, conducted by Dean Lee S. McCollester.

Miss Bolles recently had been serving as chaperone in the home of Mr. Frank M. Sheldon, 32 Farlow Road, West Newton, Mass., and was in Europe with Mr. Sheldon's family last summer.

She was an unusually gifted woman, acted for many years as her father's secretary and achieved success herself as a lecturer. Her sister, Mrs. Eleanor Hoit of 158 N. E. Fifth St., Miami, Florida, and several nieces and a nephew, survive her.

Mrs. E. V. Stevens

Mrs. E. V. Stevens, wife of Rev. E. V. Stevens, died in Grant Hospital, Columbus, Ohio, Nov. 28, 1923.

Mrs. Belle (Holt) Stevens was born near Bangor, Maine, July 31, 1860, and for some years, with her sister Mrs. Marion Leslie, was active in the work of the Bangor church. Later she resided in Waterville, Me., where she united with the Universalist Church on Easter Sunday, 1886. While in Waterville she met Rev. E. V. Stevens, with whom she was united in marriage, Oct. 1, 1888. To this union two children were born: Wentworth, now living in Columbus, Ohio, and Gladys (Mrs. Clayton Mark Jr.) of Winnetka, Ill.

As a faithful and devoted helpmeet Mrs. Stevens labored with her husband in the following parishes of our faith: Oakland, Me.; Lyndonville, Vt.; Herkimer, N. Y.; Urbana, Ill., and Columbus and North Olmstead, Ohio. She has shown a deep interest in all departments of church work, especially in choral and Sunday school work. Through many years of consecrated service she has evidenced her devotion to our faith and with her philosophy of good cheer she endeared herself to all who knew her.

Funeral services were held in Columbus, Ohio, with Rev. George Cross Baner of Akron, Rev. I. V. Lobdell, Rev. C. A. Alden of Columbus and Rev. Mr. Tisdell of the Christian Church of Columbus taking part.

The body was removed to Urbana, Ill., where after a brief service in the Urbana church on Dec. 2, Rev. R. D. Cranmer officiating, it was interred in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Stewart J. Spence

The many delegates and friends who attended the Y. P. C. U. Convention at Chattanooga in 1917 will doubtless remember Dr. Stewart J. Spence.

Dr. Spence was born in Quatt, England, Sept. 22, 1852. He died at Chattanooga, Tenn., Dec. 20, 1923. While he was not a Universalist nor a member of the Universalist Church, both his wife and daughter have been influential in the Shinn Memorial for years, and the doctor himself attended when he could. His religious experience was very interesting. At an early age he was converted under Moody and Sankey at Liverpool, but when he was seventeen years old he became convinced that the doctrine of eternal torment was erroneous. Henceforth he devoted his spare time to repudiating it. He came to America when he was nineteen and worked in New York. From there he went to California and studied and practised dentistry. Thence he journeyed to Harriman, Tenn., where he met and married Mrs. F. R. Strong. The family came to Chattanooga more than thirty years ago, where Dr. Spence practised dentistry. He was a lay preacher and devoted much time to the preparation of tracts in which he quoted the Bible effectively in support of his contention that the doctrine of eternal torment was unscriptural. By the same method he sought to establish his contention that the wicked will be annihilated at the time of the "second death." His favorite pamphlet was entitled "The Lost Gospel," and many thousand copies were distributed. He also wrote extensively for various dental journals, taught in the American University at Harriman while in that city, and contributed to the *Universalist Herald.* He was the inventor of "Spence's Plaster," a preparation extensively used by dentists in the manufacture of false teeth.

For the past six years he had been a semi-invalid, but ministers of all faiths were cordially welcomed to his home, and his courteous welcome, friendly argument, and lively sense of humor charmed all visitors. The Summer Institutes at the Q. H. Shinn Memorial never passed without a visit to the home of Dr. Spence, generally concluding with a watermelon cutting. The company of the young people and their vivacity and fun seemed to give him unfailing pleasure.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Grace Spence; a daughter, Miss Winifred Spence; and two step-sons whose residence is Texas. The funeral was held Dec. 21, the Rev. George A. Gay, minister of the Q. H. Shinn Memorial Church, officiating.

George A. Gay.

Mrs. Jonathan Summers

Amanda McKinley Summers, daughter of James and Elizabeth McKinley, was born Nov. 11, 1833, in Saluda, Jefferson County, Indiana.

She was married to Jonathan Summers in 1852. To this union were born four children: Harvey and Ernest, who preceded her to that higher life, and Monroe of Oakland, Cal., and Flora Gittner of Bethlehem, Ind. "Aunt Mandy," as she was called by all, also cared for one grandchild from infancy, Jewel Summers, now in California, whose mother passed away at his birth.

Mrs. Summers was a loyal member of the Universalist church of Saluda. When the doors were opened we always knew that "Aunt Mandy" and "Uncle Jonathan" would be there.

On Nov. 6, the members of the church planned a basket dinner in honor of her and Uncle Jonathan's birthdays, she being ninety years of age on Nov. 11, and he ninety-three on Oct. 31—but the day was so bad that only a few were able to be present.

During her five weeks of illness she spoke to many friends of her grand and glorious faith in the final harmony of all souls and quoted some beautiful scriptural passages relating to her belief.

She died at her home on Dec. 18. Funeral services were held at the Christian church at Paynesville, conducted by Rev. Edwin M. Cunningham, pastor of the Universalist church at Indianapolis.

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Pacific School of Religious Library
Jul 1923
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Crackling

This advertisement recently appeared in the town newspaper:

"The Ladies of the Plum Creek church have discarded clothes of all kinds. Call at 44 North Plum street and inspect them." —*Brown Bull.*

* *

The oculist stood before his patient, directing her attention to the chart of letters, from large to small, as follows: XZYPB, YMOIGL, HPNQDC, etc. Said he: "But surely, my dear young lady, you can read this top line?"

Young Lady: "I—I'm afraid I can't speak Russian, doctor. Perhaps if you had one in French . . ."—*London Mail.*

* *

I wonder why it is a girl can't catch a ball like a man."

"Oh, a man is so much bigger and easier to catch."—*Baseball Magazine.*

* *

"Your picture of the infant Hercules strangling the serpent is very good. But how did you ever get a model?"

"My kid gave me the idea the day he got tangled up with the hose on his mother's vacuum cleaner."—*Judge.*

* *

"You and the Newcombs' little boy seem to play very nicely," said Johnny's mother. "I am glad there is one boy in the neighborhood you can get along with."

"Yes," replied Johnny, "I lick him every morning and then he's nice to me all day." —*Boston Transcript.*

* *

A little fellow of five, having returned from a children's party, was giving an account of the fun and said that each of the little guests had contributed a song, a recitation or music for the pleasure of the rest.

"Oh, my poor boy!" said his mother. "How unfortunate that you could do nothing."

"Yes I could, mother," said the young hopeful. "I stood up and said my prayers."—*St. Johnsbury Republican.*

* *

A woman doesn't make much headway driving a nail, but did you ever see a man try to wrap up a bundle of laundry?—*Akron Times.*

* *

A teacher in a public school was trying to instill a little grammar into her class of defective children. Selecting a rather unusual specimen she said: "Mary you may tell me the names of the genders." "They're muscular and feline," was Mary's startling reply.—*Judge.*

* *

The class in Roman history had been directed to write a paragraph on "Persecution of the Christians during the third century." Wrote one youth, after deep thought, "Persecution of the Christians during the third entur – It was something fierce."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Seeing Straight in the Sunday School

The Observations of Uncle Hezekiah

By George Ezra Huntley

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I want to express to you my very great appreciation of your "Seeing Straight." In sentiment, form and language, it is a fine addition to our Sunday school literature. More power to you! Keep right on!—*Rev. R. J. Mooney, D. D., President Maine Universalist Sunday School Association.*

These are remarkable sketches, vivid, apt to the hour, inspiring to the workers in our schools. It was hard to part with the good man when he "finished his course." We feel assured that his dear old soul will go "marching on" in the memories of many a busy worker.—*Rev. John Coleman Adams, D. D., Editor Sunday School Helper.*

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